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THE SUBLIME AND THE RIDICULOUS.

A DIALOGUE.

A.—WHAT was the subject of conversation between you and Wharton, when I interrupted you the other day?

B.—Do not laugh if I tell you—the Character of Napoleon?

A.—I should be the last person to laugh at a confession of such singular honesty. And so Wharton, who spends half his time in studying the teeth of questions, to discover whether they are not too old for service, actually discussed one which is marked stale, in the *index expurgatorius* of every country coterie?

B.—He waives his scruples about the antiquity of a question, which will serve as a peg for some spick and span paradox.

A.—What is the latest which he has suspended upon it?

B.—He asserts that Napoleon ought not to be called a Conqueror, so long as that title is also given to Alexander and Cæsar.

A.—His exquisite reason?

B.—He says that 'Conquest,' in the modern feudal sense, is synonymous with 'Acquisition,' and that, in the heroic and classical times, no two meanings could be at a wider distance from each other than those which are denoted by these two words.

A.—Well?

B.—That Alexander was a classical Conqueror; Napoleon a feudal one; and that we are constantly losing our sense of this difference.

A.—What name does he propose to substitute?

B.—He would call Alexander the *Vanquisher*, or else Napoleon the *Acquisitor*.—The first would be the most correct, because the word Conquest, of right belongs to modern times, but the latter would be most useful in curing the confusion in our notions, because it gives the meaning to one cause which we have hitherto tacitly given to both.

A.—A mere refinement, I think?

B.—Nevertheless, Acquisitiveness, as the phrenologists speak, was actually a much more remarkable characteristic of Napoleon than of Alexander or Cæsar. How strikingly we discover it in his sayings.

A.—In his sayings? I do not understand you.

B.—Have you never remarked the very great poverty and feebleness of all the best-known thoughts and phrases which are attributed to Napoleon—setting them in such strong contrast with the life and originality of Cæsar's, for instance.

A.—And to what do you attribute it?

B.—To the circumstance that the thoughts of the one have grown from slips, the other from roots. Whence it happens that Napoleon's look withered and sickly the moment they are taken out of their native soil, and that Cæsar's, into whatever country they may have been transplanted, are as healthy and vigorous now as they were eighteen hundred years ago.

A.—Illustrate your meaning by an instance.

B.—Suppose we take the hackneyed one. 'From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step.'

A.—Are you sure that is Napoleon's?

B.—The question every one naturally asks; but there is no reason to dispute his property in it, any more than to deny that he was once possessor of

Holland, Italy, and Spain. The thought is his, so far as mere Acquisition, as our friend would say, can make any thing any man's.

A.—I am again at a loss. If the title be one which will stand against an adverse claim, what signifies it whether it be of descent, purchase, or occupancy?

B.—In spiritual properties the difference is considerable. In every country you will find some honey-suckles and dog-roses, hemlock and nightshade, in the hedge-rows, which every one has a right to appropriate who pleases, but which only children care to appropriate, because almost all, save children, value the beauty of the landscape above the pleasure of possession. Now in this description of flowers or weeds, must be reckoned the saying of which we are speaking. Napoleon did not sow it, nor till the ground which was to bear it; he merely plucked it. There it was in the fields amidst a thousand others, which shoot up by thousands, every year, from the light sandy soil of France, adding something to the general appearance of the country, and sometimes noticed individually in the books of our herbalists, but never gathered till some child, or some one who has carried the childish lust of 'Acquisition' into manhood, chances to pass by. Napoleon kept it in water, and displayed it, many years after, at St. Helena, to the admiring eyes of Mr. Barry O'Meara.

A.—By what criterion do you determine that the sentiment is French?

B.—The thickness of the outer leaves and a total deficiency of heart are infallible proofs.

A.—I wish you would not resort to those metaphorical expressions. What do you mean by 'outer leaves,' and 'heart'?

B.—If you have leisure we will examine the sentiment, by which means you will perhaps understand me better. Does it not strike you that there are a great many instances which seem at once to establish its truth?

A.—A great many; and it is the recollection of them which makes me wonder that you should express so contemptuous an opinion of it. For instance, nearly all the fine speeches, apostrophes, appeals to Jupiter, Mars, the shade of Henri Quatre; and, above all, the death scenes of the heroes of the French Revolution, strike me as dwelling on the border land.

B.—Very well; do you remember any others?

A.—The others which occur to me are different, and serve to furnish another sort of evidence in its support. They are such as the conversation between the Fool and Lear; parts of the trial scene of Fergus M'Vor; the grave digger's scene; and innumerable others, in which the ludicrous is made subservient to the sublime, and increases its effect.

B.—Your double set of instances are weighty; and thus you may comprehend the first part of my sentence respecting this saying of Napoleon's; so far as it can derive strength from outward observations which are to a sentiment what the sun and rain are to a plant; so far it is strong—and hence I was induced to say that it was thick in its outer leaves. Now let us look at the sentiment in itself; let us see whether it has any inward coherency, or whether, as I affirmed just now, from having no original seed, it is utterly coreless and heartless.

A.—You will have some difficulty in proving that, I think, after having first shewn that there is so much evidence in its favour.

B.—We shall see. Does 'Sublime' mean High?

A.—I apprehend so.

B.—And what does 'Ridiculous' mean, Low?

A.—Scarcely.

B.—So I should think, for to say that there is but one step from the 'High' to the 'Low,' is nonsense. There may be but one step; but there is only three-quarters of a step to that which is one quarter less low; and only half-a-step to that which is half as low. When the question is one of measure, it cannot signify where you fix unity; but if it does not mean 'Low,' what can it mean?

A.—Vulgar, mean, absurd.

B.—All which are only the antipodes of sublime when it is used figuratively, as low is its antipode when it is used literally; and therefore the same objection applies to them.

A.—May not ridiculous be used in its honest sense as the synonyme of 'Ludicrous'?

B.—Be it so. But before we apply this meaning to the phrase, let us be careful that we distinguish it from the one we have rejected. Ludicrous, in the acceptation which we are about to give it, means nothing vulgar, mean, or absurd.

A.—I do not see how that follows, from what we have just said. It need not be any of these, but it may be all of them.

B.—What difference did you understand, then, between the 'Ridiculous' and the 'Ludicrous'; a difference of kind, or merely the difference of degree?

A.—Supposing I said, 'merely of degree,' what would you answer?

B.—That as ridiculousness includes all degrees of itself, the distinction was inadmissible.

A.—Well then, I say, the difference is this: the ridiculous is that which is such by nature; the ludicrous, that which is perceived to be such, or made such by art.

B.—That will suit my purpose sufficiently well, though I think we shall soon arrive at a much more rational classification than that which you suggest. When you say, that the sublime is akin to the 'Ludicrous,' in this sense, what do you mean?

A.—I mean that it is akin to the ridiculous in art and not the ridiculous in nature.

B.—But hold? The ridiculous of art, which you rightly define to be the 'Ridiculous perceived or created,' becomes,—when it is created or perceived—the same in kind and quality with the ridiculous which exists in nature.

A.—I do not exactly see your meaning?

B.—Is not Sir Andrew Aguecheek precisely as ridiculous, and ridiculous precisely in the same sense, as any existing fool in Illyria or England?

A.—Certainly.

B.—Then I suppose the distinction which you wish to draw, is not between the ludicrous and ridiculous—between the ridiculous of art and of nature, but between the *power* of perceiving and the thing perceived. In other words, you mean to say, that Napoleon meant to signify, not that the sublime is but one step from the ridiculous but that the perception of the ridiculous is but one step from—what?

A.—The perception of the sublime, I suppose. Do you not think this may have been his meaning?

B.—But the misfortune is, that it totally destroys

his meaning, for the more sense of the ridiculous, and the more sense of the sublime a man has, the less he is likely to make the sublime ridiculous.

A.—But will this explanation account for the phenomena from which you admitted that this sentiment derived some plausibility. As, for instance, my first class—the speeches of the heroes and martyrs in the French Revolution?

B.—If you study the French literature of the 18th century, you will be convinced that one calamity had already befallen that nation, which was the loss of all sense of the sublime; and that another was likely soon to befall it, which was, a loss of all sense of the ridiculous. And what singularly illustrates the truth we have just been elucidating, one of these effects took place through the other. Voltaire, in teaching his countrymen that the business of ridicule was to parody and counterfeit sublimity, set the two principles at war—took away from wit its natural province, and made such utter confusion between them, that in a very short time it was impossible for a Frenchman to know any thing about either. The effect was not perceived at first, and the other nations of Europe went on imagining that the French nation had a keener perception of the ridiculous than any existing, till the revolution came and proved that there never had been or could be, a nation which ran so headlong into absurdities from the want of it. And thus the union of sublimity and ridiculousness, instead of proceeding from any law of the human mind which connected them, proceeded from the violation of a law which provided for their constant separation.

A.—And the other class of phenomena, the union of sublimity and ludicrousness, and the subserviency of the latter to the former, how do you explain that?

B.—From the opposite cause to that just noted, producing the opposite effect. That true law of connection between the perception of the sublime and the perception of the ridiculous, which had worn out in the French nation, has its highest vigour in the mind of a man of genius. Consequently in never trembling, lest his sublimity should become ridiculous, he is always to exert both the faculties, and to exhibit in the same wonderful work the miracles which are wrought by their united agency. And hence the friendly connection between the scenes of wit and pathos in Shakspeare—hence the easy transition in our minds from the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, to the heath which trembled under the sense of fear. And so let it ever be in literature and art. Let each of their provinces be cultivated to the highest limits of its capacity, and let there be the freest, the most unrestricted commerce between them. Let no port-dues, no prohibiting duties, ever prevent the goods of one from finding their way, by the shortest and easiest route, into the other. Let there be a thorough sympathy between the natures of each—a well-grounded understanding of the other's provincial government and municipal regulations, and let there be one law over them all, deriving its origin and its sanction from that central principle which imparts life to the system, and directs the energies of each part of it, so that it shall best minister to the good of the whole.

A.—And now may it please you to enlighten my dark understanding as to the special object of the conversation into which you have unawares betrayed me.

B.—My object was not very definite when we began to talk, and, as far as I know, I was chiefly occupied with replying to your questions. But if you will have a moral out of every thing, I think we may probably extract one, even from our loose and vagrant dialogue. Do you not think it would be possible to apply the method we have pursued in discussing Napoleon's dictum, to other much more original and important sayings of great men; might it not be a useful exercise to bring to this test many sayings of Dr. Johnson and others who have given hogmas to the world, which exercise a silent and strong influence over its opinions and modes of thinking; first examining them outwardly, to see that facts may have suggested them, and what then

life there is within, which they have derived from the mind of their authors. Omitting the first mode of judging, great men are often intolerant to one another, attributing to original perversity, opinions to which, but for accidental circumstances, they would never have given birth. Omitting the second, ordinary men are constantly paying respect to some dicta which their own narrow experience has made plausible, and rejecting others more important, because the evidence of them is beyond their ken. Uniting both, I think we may be able to excuse the very errors which we are correcting, to account for the very phenomena from which we refuse to draw our inferences.

A.—I shall be happy to join you in making the experiment.

THE LIFE OF LOCKE.

The Life of John Locke, with Extracts from his Correspondence, Journals, and Common-Place Books. By Lord King. 1 vol. 4to. pp. 404. Colburn. London, 1829.

MR. STEWART has observed, with great truth, that Locke is very little read in England. His reputation is almost entirely collegiate or foreign. Educated men generally judge of him either from what is known of his works in universities, where they are used as text-books, and of course desiccated and impoverished into mere heaps of dry bones, or from the renown given him by the French philosophers of the eighteenth century, by Condillac and Voltaire, who understood but little of the books, and nothing at all of the man. Nor is it very wonderful that he failed in making himself easily intelligible to his successors. For he certainly did not very clearly comprehend himself. Honest and modest as he was, he seems to have thought that he was in some degree fitted to write a scientific treatise on the human mind; though he certainly did not fancy that he had produced the complete and circular work which the 'Essay on the Human Understanding' has been called by many of his admirers. On this point we believe that he was mistaken; and we are sure that the million are so still. The service which, in our opinion, Lord King has rendered is the publication of a book that will go far towards convincing every one in how small a degree Locke was a scientific thinker, and how admirable were his practical sense and judgment, and his social virtues and accomplishments.

It is worth while to consider, for a moment, what was really done by Locke in philosophy, and how it came to be supposed that he had done so much which he in fact never did think of, and so much more which so wise a man could never by any possibility have thought of.

The age in which Locke lived was undoubtedly the least poetical of modern history. The human imagination had scarcely ever been so feeble as it then was. From this resulted an almost entire separation between philosophy and real life. The great truths of metaphysics, which for those who first brought them out into distinct consciousness, were living powers, became bare and meagre abstractions. The imagination, wherever it had been vigorous and creative, had always served to connect, in the mind of the speculative thinker, the ideal with the actual world; to impersonate the principles of being as individual conceivable forms; and to clothe and exalt the work-day persons and affairs of society with the light of a higher sphere. This was the genuine and healthy state of the human mind. The two worlds, the world of thought and the world of action, remained perfectly distinct, and each in itself complete; while the imagination moved and ministered between them on its ethereal ladder, attended by all its troop of angelic spirits. In the age of Locke such was no longer the state of things. The loftier and purer region contained no longer those forms born of imagination, without which that region is an object for the intellect only, and cannot be beneficially brought into connection with actual society. It had, therefore, become a pale abstraction hanging above the heads of men, but incapable of engaging

their sympathy or reverence. Nor was Locke a man to separate himself (like Milton) from his fellows, and build up and people in solitude a spiritual kingdom of his own, not governed by the laws of time or custom, nor liable to the changes of vulgar opinion. He had not himself imagination to re-establish the intercourse between the sphere of ideas and the sphere of practice. And feeling most strongly (as, not being endowed with a creative and spiritual imagination, he was right to feel,) the insufficiency of that which seemed to him, and to all around him, a remote and lifeless system, he began to labour in raising up, out of this sensible frame of things, a compacted and lofty tower, such as might in some degree content mankind by a faint resemblance to the height and order of the heaven which they had no longer wings to scale, and which, in their eyes, was divested of the chiefest portion of its glory.

This is, in few and inadequate sentences, our conception of Locke's design. He wished to re-establish in the minds of thinking men the importance of the actual world. This lay trodden under the feet of his contemporary theorists, while the spiritual region had gone afar off, and was beyond his reach as well as theirs. He, therefore, attempted to raise the sensations and the practical understandings of mankind into the place of honour and power, which it was so important that something else than mere impulse and guess-work should occupy.

Locke was a virtuous and an humble-minded, as well as an able and accomplished man, and where his skill and strength were not adequate to conduct his fellows in safety, he willingly paused, and declared his own insufficiency. He found that his own method of leading men back to practice and common sense would take him only a little way in philosophy; but he seldom attempted to push forward desperately, and he confessed the existence of the difficulties which he could not overcome. Even thus he fell into many hazards, and many contradictions; and remained as far as possible from giving the world an entire and methodical exposition.

On the other hand, let us look into his works for what they really contain of excellent, and we find them the productions of one of the clearest and most cautious understandings that ever gave rules for human conduct. They are covered all over with a rich fruitage of good sense and of the soundest feelings. And there are scarcely any books in which you can find fewer propositions fit to become parts of a scientific treatise, or a greater number of useful, serviceable observations.

But see how his writings have been treated by the French. He tried the experiment of making a system out of our sensations, and failed. He was met on all sides by difficulties which sensations could not account for, and of which he was far too wise, too good, too careful for human welfare, and for morality and religion, to deny the existence. But some of the French philosophers, and more especially Condillac, fearing not at all to expose mankind to dangers which the stronger and better-cultivated mind of Locke had wished to withdraw them from encountering, bravely pushes on to the end with that guidance which the Englishman felt to be insufficient, —tell us that the moral perils which Locke was so honourably afraid of are mere phantoms and delusions, and builds on his foundation a system altogether circular, and towering to the skies, where he had felt that no such thing was possible without shutting out a world of truths to which his quack disciple was utterly indifferent.

'The Life of Locke, by Lord King,' is, as far as his lordship's part in the volume goes, most especially worthless. Two or three rants about toleration, and two or three very needless hits at the church, are almost all that he adds to Locke's papers, and to those facts which might have been found in any biographical dictionary. He attempts nothing like an estimate of the character and writings of the eminent man whose manuscripts he publishes; and does not write one discriminating word as to his influence on society, and on subsequent thinkers. He has throughout modernised the spelling of the papers

he gives us; and yet in nearly every page there is some word, English, French, or Latin, so strangely written that we involuntarily look for a note, and not finding one, are left in doubt whether to attribute the error to Locke's careless writing, or to his lordship's correction of the press. There is, moreover, one omission which we would entreat Lord King to remedy in any reprint of the book. It appears that the papers, some of which he has now published, while others have not yet seen the light, contain a great many references to books, almost all of which have been omitted by the editor. Yet a list of all the works quoted or alluded to by Mr. Locke would have been one of the most curious and valuable documents that Lord King could possibly have published. His lordship does not seem to be at all aware how much controversy has existed as to the extent and nature of this celebrated author's reading, nor to perceive how interesting a subject of inquiry it must necessarily be for every speculative Englishman.

It must not, however, be supposed that we do not think this volume of great value. It does more than all that before existed in print to show us Locke the individual, and thereby to set the genuine man apart from the Locke of the French theorists. In these pages he appears as a perfect gentleman, a kind friend, a keen and general observer, a most accurate and delightful writer, and a man of the strongest and most grounded sense, in all questions of manners, politics, literature, science, and morals. And it is most consolatory to perceive how much more of his mind was devoted to kindness, good humour, universal inquiry, social enjoyment, and sound and active principles, than to that abstract system which, in general estimation, is almost solely connected with his name, and of which only a portion was ever really adopted by him.

What, we would ask, can be more pleasant and gentlemanly than the following letter, written when Locke was thirty-three?

To Mr. John Strachy, Sutton Court, Bristol.

DEAR SIR,

Cleve, 1665.

'Are you at leisure for half an hour's trouble? will you be content I should keep up the custom of writing long letters with little in them? 'Tis a barren place, and the dull frozen part of the year, and therefore you must not expect great matters. 'Tis enough, that at Christmas you have empty Christmas tales fit for the chimney-corner. To begin, therefore, December 15th, (here 25th), Christmas-day, about one in the morning, I went a gossiping to our Lady; think me not profane, for the name is a great deal modester than the service I was at. I shall not describe all the particulars I observed in that church, being the principal of the Catholics in Cleves; but only those that were particular to the occasion. Near the high altar was a little altar for this day's solemnity; the scene was a stable, wherein was an ox, an ass, a cradle, the Virgin, the babe, Joseph, shepherds, and angels, *dramatis personæ*: had they but given them motion, it had been a perfect puppet play, and might have deserved pence a-piece; for they were of the same size and make that our English puppets are; and I am confident, these shepherds and this Joseph are kin to that Judith and Holophernes which I have seen at Bartholomew fair. A little without the stable was a flock of sheep, cut out of cards; and these, as they then stood without their shepherds, appeared to me the best emblem I had seen a long time, and methought represented these poor innocent people, who, whilst their shepherds pretend so much to follow Christ, and pay their devotion to him, are left unregarded in the barren wilderness. This was the show: the music to it was all vocal in the quire adjoining, but such as I never heard. They had strong voices, but so ill-tuned, so ill-managed, that it was their misfortune, as well as ours, that they could be heard. He that could not, though he had a cold, make better music with a chevy chace over a pot of smooth ale, deserved well to pay the reckoning, and go away athirst. However, I think they were the honestest singing men I have ever seen, for they endeavoured to deserve their money, and earned it certainly with pains enough; for what they wanted in skill, they made up in loudness and variety: every one had his own tune, and the result of

all was like the noise of choosing Parliament men, where every one endeavours to cry loudest. Besides the men, there were a company of little choristers, I thought when I saw them at first, they had danced to the other's music, and that it had been your Gray's Inn revels; for they were jumping up and down, about a good charcoal fire that was in the middle of the quire (this their devotion and their singing was enough, I think, to keep them warm, though it were a very cold night); but it was not dancing, but singing they served for; when it came to their turns, away they ran to their places, and there they made as good harmony as a concert of little pigs would, and they were much about as cleanly. Their part being done, out they sallied again to the fire, where they played till their cue called them, and then back to their places they huddled. So negligent and slight are they in their service in a place where the nearness of adversaries might teach them to be more careful; but I suppose the natural tendency of these outside performances, and these mummeries in religion, would bring it every where to this pass, did not fear and the severity of the magistrate preserve it; which being taken away here, they very easily suffer themselves to slobber over their ceremonies, which in other places are kept up with so much zeal and exactness; but methinks they are not to be blamed, since the one seems to me as much religion as the other. In the afternoon, I went to the Carthusians' church; they had their little gentry too, but in finer clothes; and their angels with surplices on, and singing books in their hands; for here is nothing to be done without books. Hither were crowded a great throng of children to see these pretty babies, and I amongst them, as wise and as devout as they, and for my pains had a good sprinkle of holy water, and now I may defy the devil: thus have I begun the holidays with Christmas gambols. But had I understood the language, I believe, at the reformed church, I had found something more serious; for they have two sermons at their church, for Christmas lasts no longer here. That which pleased me most was, that at the same Catholic church the next day, I saw our Lady all in white linen, dressed as one that is newly lain in, and on her lap something that, perhaps twenty years since, was designed for a baby, but now it was grown to have a beard; and methought was not so well used as our country fellows used to be, who, though they escape all the year, are usually trimmed at Christmas. They must pardon me for being merry, for it is Christmas; but, to be serious with you, the Catholic religion is a different thing from what we believe it in England. I have other thoughts of it than when I was in a place that is filled with prejudices, and things are known only by hearsay. I have not met with any so good-natured people, or so civil, as the Catholic priests, and I have received many courtesies from them, which I shall always gratefully acknowledge. But to leave the good-natured Catholics, and to give you a little account of our brethren the Calvinists, that differ very little from our English Presbyterians. I met lately, accidentally, with a young sucking divine, that thought himself no small champion; who, as if he had been some knight-errant, bound by oath to bid battle to all comers, first accosted me in courteous voice; but the customary salute being over, I found myself assaulted most furiously, and heavy loads of arguments fell upon me. I, that expected no such thing, was fain to guard myself under the trusty broad shield of ignorance, and only now and then returned a blow by way of inquiry: and by this Parthian way of flying, defended myself till passion and want of breath had made him weary, and so we came to an accommodation; though, had he had lungs enough, and I no other use of my ears, the combat might have lasted (if that may be called a combat, *ubi tu cades ego vapulo tantum*) as long as the wars of Troy, and the end of all had been like that, nothing but some rubbish of divinity as useless and incoherent as the ruins the Greeks left behind them. This was a probationer in theology, and, I believe, (to keep still to my errantry), they are bound to show their prowess with some valiant unknown, before they can be dubbed, and receive the dignity of the order. I cannot imagine why else he should set upon me, a poor innocent wight, who thought nothing of a combat, and desired to be peaceable, and was too far from my own dunghill to be quarrelling; but, it is no matter, there were no wounds made but in Priscian's head, who suffers much in this country. This provocation I have suffi-

ciently revenged upon one of their church, our landlord, who is wont sometimes to Germanize and to be a little too much of the creature. These frailties I threaten him to discover to his pastor, who will be sure to rebuke him (but sparing his name) the next Sunday from the pulpit, and severely chastise the liberty of his cups; thus I sew up the good man's mouth, because the other gaped too much, and made him as much bear my tongue as I was punished with the other's. But for all this, he will sometimes drink himself into a defiance of divines and discipline, and hearken only to Bacchus's inspirations. You must not expect any thing remarkable from me all the following week, for I have spent it in getting a pair of gloves, and think, too, I have had a quick despatch; you will perhaps wonder at it, and think I talk like a traveller; but I will give you the particulars of the business. Three days were spent in finding out a Glover, for though I can walk all the town over in less than an hour, yet their shops are so contrived, as if they were designed to conceal, not expose their wares; and though you may think it strange, yet, methinks, it is very well done, and 'tis a becoming modesty to conceal that which they have reason enough to be ashamed of. But to proceed: the two next days were spent in drawing them on, the right hand glove, (or, as they call them here, hand shoe) Thursday, and the left hand, Friday, and I'll promise you this was two good days' work, and little enough to bring them to fit my hands and to consent to be fellows, which, after all, they are so far from, that when they are on, I am always afraid my hands should go to cuffs one with another, they so disagree: Saturday we concluded on the price, computed, and changed our money, for it requires a great deal of arithmetic and a great deal of brass to pay twenty-eight stivers, and seven doits; but, God be thanked, they are all well fitted with counters for reckoning; for their money is good for nothing else, and I am poor here with my pockets full of it. I wondered at first why the market people brought their wares in little carts, drawn by one horse, till I found it necessary to carry home the price of them; for a horse-load of turnips, would be two horse-loads of money. A pair of shoes cannot be got under half a year: I lately saw the cow killed, out of whose hide I hope to have my next pair. The first thing after they are married here is to bespeak the child's coat, and truly the bridegroom must be a bungler that gets not the child before the mantle be made; for it is far easier here to have a man made than a suit. To be serious with you, they are the slowest people, and fullest of delays that ever I have met with, and their money as bad. December 22nd I saw the inscription that entitles the Elector's house here to so much antiquity; it stands at the upper end of a large room, which is the first entrance into the house, and is as follows:—"Anno ab urbe Romanâ conditâ 698 Julius Cæsar Dictator hinc partibus in ditionem susceptis arcem hanc Clivensem fund." I know not how old the wall was that bore it, but the inscription was certainly much younger than I am, as appears by the characters and other circumstances; however, I believe the painter revered the antiquity, and did homage to the memory of Cæsar, and was not averse to a tradition which the situation and antique mode of building made not improbable. The same time, I had the favour to see the kitchen and the cellar, and though in the middle of the first there was made on the floor a great fire big enough to broil half a dozen St. Laurences, yet methought the cellar was the better place, and so I made haste to leave it, and have little to say of it, unless you think fit I should tell you how many rummers of Rhenish I drank, and how many biscuits I ate, and that I had there almost learned to speak High Dutch. December 24.—At the Lutherans' church, after a good lusty, rattling High Dutch sermon, the sound whereof would have made one think it had the design of reproof, I had an opportunity to observe the administration of the Sacrament, which was thus:—the sermon being ended, the minister that preached not (for they have two to a church) stood up at a little desk which was upon the communion table, almost at the upper end of the church, and then read a little while, part of which reading I judged to be prayer, but observed no action that looked like consecration, (I know not what the words were); when he had done, he placed himself at the north end of the table, and the other minister that preached, at the south end, so that their backs were toward one another; then there marched up to him on the north side a

communicant, who, when he came to the minister, made a low bow, and knelt down, and then the minister put water into his mouth; which done, he rose, made his obeisance, and went to the other end, where he did the same, and had the wine poured into his mouth, without taking the cup in his hand, and then came back to his place by the south side of the church. Thus did four, one after another, which were all that received that day, and amongst them was a boy, about thirteen or fourteen years old. They have at this church a sacrament every Sunday morning: in the afternoon, at the Calvinists', I saw a christening. After sermon there came three men and three women, (one whereof was the midwife, with a child in her arms, the rest were godfathers and godmothers, of which they allow a greater number than we do, and so wisely get more spoons,)—to the table which is just by the pulpit. They taking their places, the minister in the pulpit read a little of the Institution, then read a short prayer; then another minister, that was below, took the child, and with his hand poured water three times on its forehead, which done, he in the pulpit read another short prayer, and so concluded. All this was not much longer than the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Ten Commandments; for all their service is very short, beside their preaching and singing, and there they allow good measure."—Pp. 13–18.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW FOREST.

The New Forest: a Novel. By the Author of Brambletye House, &c. Three vols. Colburn. London, 1829.

THE work before us is unlike the other novels of the author, in this respect, that the time of its action is within the present century. We are inclined to think that this difference will be unfavourable to the popularity of 'The New Forest.' People in general like to read of obsolete or outlandish customs; and an author may be pretty sure of finding readers who profess to retail the forgotten scandal of London in the seventeenth century, and Jerusalem in the days of Mark Antony. We can, however, assure the public that if they will take the trouble to examine at all minutely, they will discover the characters and manners of England in our own time, as represented by the author of 'The New Forest,' to be no less strange and fanciful than those which he has assigned to the Roundheads and the Pharisees. We find in this work, people of the highest fashion described as showing their superior breeding, not by ease and elegance, but by peculiar stiffness and affectation. We have a heroine (Fanny) designed to be one of the most delightful of those delightful creatures, pretty and lively young ladies, and yet ejaculating 'lud' at every second sentence. We have a Southampton smuggler, one of the most generous and high-minded of men; and a captain (of hussars, we believe,) evidently intended to be a picture of a class, and who is only distinguished from other gentlemen by cowardice and mispronunciation. We might add a dozen more of these extravagances; but they all shrink into obscurity before the dazzling absurdity of the hero.

This young gentleman has been educated in the United States, where he has become an 'Utilitarian.' (Thank Heaven! the word is not English! any more than the thing.) The way in which this prudent personage manifests the principle of 'Utility,' in his conduct, is by throwing about his money (of which he has not much) to every one who is willing to relieve him from it; and by keeping a large stock of the readiest and most profound sensibility for the sufferings of every one around him. Yet, some how or other, it never occurs to this paragon of trans-atlantic philosophy, that his sylogistic pedantry and contemptuous affectation are more annoying to every one he meets than would be the thumb-screw or the rack. Mr. Smith is not, perhaps, aware that there is no proof of a strong propensity to examine every thing by the test of reason, in a fondness for putting bad reasoning into the form of a syllogism. Neither does he seem to know, that a person who should profess to despise the wealthy classes, and should take every oppor-

tunity of treating them uncivilly, would simply be kicked in consequence, out of all educated society, with as little mercy as might be shewn to an unlicked North American bear. It is no doubt very true, that there is no natural distinction of ranks, that men are not born with coronets on their heads, or even with whole coats on their backs; and we do not pretend that money is a virtue. But it happens that the richer classes are, in general, the best instructed, and have the most agreeable manners; and a person who does not feel this, is thereby only convicted of not comprehending a kind of merit of which he has none himself. The error of the picture of purse-proud arrogance and ignorance, is this, that in the great majority of cases, there is, in truth, more mental cultivation among persons having some property, than among persons having none. And Mr. Smith, by way of writing a novel with a moral, has merely made a gross blunder in 3 vols. 8vo., which has been committed before him by a dozen other writers. The design of his book is, in fact, substantially the same as that of an old novel, 'Hermesprong, or Man as he is not,' which we are convinced the author of 'The New Forest' never saw, as, if it had fallen in his way, he must have immediately perceived the faults of his own plan.

The story of the book is rather confined, and not very original; but some of the descriptions are pleasant, and of these none so much so as the opening chapter. There are no characters nor scenes of any great force or truth; and the author has succeeded best in the very lowest of his attempts, the talk, namely, of an innkeeper who attends scientific lectures, and hashes into his conversation the blundered nomenclature of natural philosophy.

We subjoin a part of the first chapter, which pleasantly reminds us of Miss Mitford's sketches:

On the southern verge of the New Forest, in Hampshire, and at no great distance from the sea, stands a large and populous village, to which, for special reasons of our own, we shall assign the fictitious appellation of Thaxted. Its situation and appearance were much more picturesque than might have been expected from its vicinity to the sea, an element which, in our northern latitudes, generally imparts a sterile and unlovely character to the contiguous shores, either preventing altogether the growth of trees, or giving such a stunted, warped, and cankered appearance to those that struggle against the chalky soil and stormy winds, as to make them rather disfiguring than ornamental to the scenery. Such was not the case at Thaxted, which was sufficiently removed from the great landscape-spoiler to be beyond the reach of its baneful influence, and yet near enough to derive from it all those scenic embellishments which so eminently enhance the beauty of a rich land view, by affording occasional glimpses of the gleaming sea, or a white sail, caught beneath the boughs of noble trees, athwart the undulating hollows of the intervening downs, or over an enclosed and cultivated level. The village stood upon the extreme edge of a heath, not of such extent as some of those which, forming spacious openings in the interior of the New Forest, are extensive enough to deserve the name of—

"Vast savannas, where the wand'ring eye,
Unfixed, is in a verdant ocean lost;"

and yet sufficiently large to give breadth, distance, and picturesqueness, to the surrounding scenery. Its opposite extremity was bounded by the forest, forming woody bays and promontories, alternately receding from, and advancing into, the heath; now opening upon some deep dark vista, athwart whose distant gloom the deer were occasionally seen to bound, or from which a timber-wain, in Hampshire called a *tug*, was slowly emerging, under the efforts of a numerous team of oxen;—now throwing forward some prominent grove so far upon the open land, that the tuftings of its noble trees fell into rich masses of light and shade, relieved by the umbrageous back-ground of the Forest. Nor was the heath itself by any means so forlorn or dreary an object as might be supposed. Its broken surface, tufted with every variety of furze, fern, and other wild plants, and presenting here and there the red ochreous banks of a road that wound through it, was tinted with the rich harmonious hues

that a painter loves: detached clumps of trees, breaking its monotony, served to unite its woody boundaries with its area; while a large sheet of water that occupied its centre, was nearly bisected by a long projecting tongue of land, upon which, especially in the sunny evenings of summer, might be seen groups of cattle, or forest mares with their foals, sending their long shadows athwart the golden bloom of the little lake. The view from the opposite side of the gentle eminence on which the village stood, though totally dissimilar, was scarcely less attractive—the eye passing over enclosed corn-fields, pastures, and meadows, till it reached the Isle of Wight, the insularity of which not being perceptible to the eye, gave to the intervening channel the appearance of an extensive lake bounded by rugged cliffs and distant mountains.

A clump of lofty elms and lime-trees, branchless for some distance from the ground, but tufting over luxuriously at top, formed an arch across the road leading to the village, around which numerous flights of pigeons were generally to be seen wheeling and careering; while beneath its aperture might be discerned the low spire of the church embosomed in foliage. Athwart the straggling irregular central road of Thaxted, dignified by the name of the High-street, hung the sign of the chief inn, exhibiting a most bellipotent Saint George on a fiery white horse, having obviously the best of it in a conflict with a portentous green dragon, who seemed to be complaisantly opening his mouth for the express purpose of swallowing his adversary's javelin. The building to which this flaring daub was prefixed, was an ancient low edifice, constructed with solid timbers blackened on the outside, the interstices being plastered and white-washed. A sharp-pointed gable, fretted with half-decayed oak wood, crowned the front! and the roof was of large sandstones, covered with moss and house-leek, from the midst of which issued a ponderous red brick chimney, placed edgewise, and surmounted with numerous ragged mouldings. The upper story projected over the lower, and the cornice that divided them had sunk considerably on one side, without, however, appearing to have injured the general solidity of the building, which, humble as it was, constituted the most important structure in the High-street.

In passing the irregular assortment of barns, sheds, shops, and houses, thatched, tiled, and slated, that made up the straggling village, the attentive traveller might observe, from the various inscriptions, that there seemed to be but four names in the whole place, the two first exhibiting the unmeaning monosyllables of Wilks and Stubbs, and the remaining two the more rural compounds of Penfold and Haslegrove, which, with various baptismal distinctions, were perpetually alternated and interchanged; while a physiognomist would have been tempted to imagine, from the similarity of the faces surrounding him, that the owners of these four appellations had successively intermarried until the whole village had become, as it were, one numerous family. They who have derived their notions from the golden age or the patriarchal times, might dream that such a mutually connected society, inhabiting so beautiful and sequestered a retreat, would form an united brotherhood of peace and love; while they who contemplate our peasantry, "as truth will paint them, and as bards will not," will not widely err in forming a very different conclusion. In most large families, indeed, the claims of consanguinity are too apt to be forgotten in opposing interests, and the consequent feelings of jealous rivalry; in which respect, the greater part of the inhabitants of Thaxted, "a little more than kin and less than kind," offered no exception to the general rule. Towards the end of the village the road branched off in two directions round a little green, furnished with a finger-post, of which, according to the laudable practice of semi-barbarous England, one of the boards was broken off, and the other rendered totally illegible; while a milestone on the opposite side of the road was equally unserviceable, from its figures having been carefully punched out and obliterated. In front of the green stood the stocks, the neglected state of which attested either the orderly habits of the villagers, or the remissness of the constable; and behind this crumbling machine was a pool of muddy water, termed the horse-pond, on the poached margin of which might usually be seen six or eight ducks performing their toilet with busy beak, and now and then detaching a feather from

their plumage, which was lazily wafted by the wind to join those that fringed the opposite bank.

Our history commences on a Sunday, on the afternoon of which the villagers of Thaxted, who, like most other Sabbath idlers of humble life, often found the unemployed hours hang rather heavy upon their hands, were divided into two knots, one of which, including most of the women and old men, went to attend the funeral of old Isaac, one of their own body, canvassing his age, which was a matter of some doubt, and the little property he had left behind him, which seemed to be involved in equal uncertainty: while the other party, embracing the younger portion of the rustic community, betook themselves to the George Inn, to await the arrival of the London coach, which generally passed through about this hour. Nothing could more strongly mark the vacuity of the day, and the listlessness of the assemblage, than the lounging, lazy interest with which they awaited the appearance of the well-known vehicle, though they expected not that it should bring them any thing new, and they had repeatedly collected upon previous Sundays, at the same spot, at the same hour, to witness the driving up of the same coach, which, as it did not change horses at Thaxted, seldom stopped more than three or four minutes at the George. At length it came in sight, passed under the arch of trees to which we have already alluded, blessed the eyes of such dwellers in the High-street as were drawn to the windows by the sound of the horn, and finally drew up at the George, when the spectators, who had been waiting so long for the information, were enabled to ascertain once more, that it was driven by Ned Davis as usual, was drawn by the four customary horses, and conveyed no passenger, either inside or out, whose appearance was calculated to excite the least attention. Fortunately, however, for the gazers, something new was at last discovered, which effectually prevented their dispersion. A portion of the iron binding, or tyre, had been detached from one of the wheels, and the coach could not safely proceed until it had been replaced. A board upon the very next horse but one announced that its occupant was—"John Stubbs, Horse-farrier, Bullock-leech, and Blacksmith;" but it was Sunday, the shop was shut up, and the rustic Vulcan was not at home; though several voices simultaneously declared that he would be sure to be found down at the Cricketers.

The driver, as is usual with English coachmen upon every emergency, cursed and swore very heartily at the coach-cleaner, whose business it was to have examined the wheels; the wielder of the whip being now-a-days much too important a personage to attend to any department of his own vehicle, beyond the driving it. The gaping rascals busied themselves in conjectures as to where, when, and how the accident had happened; until one of their body, a little shrewder than his companions, suggested that the truant iron must be somewhere; (a proposition which met with a ready assent and repetition from the others,) and that it might be advisable to despatch a boy in search of it. This advice was taken by the coachman, though not until he had declared that any fool could have thought of that expedient; and lest he should be anticipated in his farther measures by some other of the bystanders, he immediately sent a second lad in quest of Stubbs the blacksmith, and himself called lustily for Sam, the ostler of the George; asking his opinion, when he appeared, whether the wheel would go safely as far as the Mermaid, in case they could not find the missing iron.—Vol. I, pp. 1—11.

Before we dismiss 'The New Forest,' we really must be allowed to express our wish that men of talent and good intention would not allow themselves to be seduced by their booksellers into writing works for which nature has not designed them. For small facetiae and good-humoured caricatures, the mind of Mr. Smith is admirably qualified; but he has no vocation to fill three volumes with wit, wisdom, eloquence, passion, and character; and much less is he justified in attempting to embody in his personages any set of philosophical opinions. He had much better at once give up the attempt of teaching the world to swear by 'utility,' more especially as it is obvious that he has far too much good taste and good feeling long to remain a preacher of one dull, conceited sophism.

CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1828.

Constantinople in 1828. A Residence of Sixteen Months in the Turkish Capital and Provinces; with an Account of the Present State of the Naval and Military Power, and of the Resources of the Ottoman Empire. By Charles Mac Farlane, Esq. 4to. Saunders and Otley. London, 1829.

(Concluded from p. 338.)

At the conclusion of our former notice of the work of Mr. Mac Farlane, it was hinted that, in the changes now operating in the manners of the Turks, proofs were not wanting that, in their advances towards civilization, the Mussulmans were not less disposed to adopt the evil habits than the good customs of their models and masters. The following is an amusing instance of the laxity with which the injunctions of the Koran, on a very important point, are now regarded:

* I was roused from my musings by a shouting among the ruins (of Eurythre). It was one of my Turks, who pointed to the sun, giving me to understand its progress warned us to think of moving.

* When we descended the Acropolis, he told my guide that for some time he had not been able to find me; that I was hidden among the stones, and, he was quite certain, performing some incantation to discover the concealed treasures!

* We spread our provisions by the mill, under a willow that dipped its foliage in the sparkling brook. I had brought some wine with me from Cheshné. To my great surprise, when the forbidden liquor was produced, the Turks asked me for some. I handed them the skin, in which there might be five of our bottles; they returned it, but not a drop of wine was there in it. I well knew that half of the Moslems in this country have conquered their religious scruples in this respect. I have seen them drink wine, but always rather privately—à l'écart. Here there were eight staunch Turks wetting their whiskers in the reprobated draught, without awe or any misgiving of each other! I admired the proof of their progress in civilization, but wished they had left me a little wine for my supper, as I knew I should get none in the Turkish village where I proposed passing the night. After dinner, the occupant of the little mill, a quiet, good-natured old Turk, prepared us some coffee: we lit our pipes, and enjoyed the oriental keff in its perfection. The group we formed was rather a curious one. My eight fiercely mustachioed, turbaned, bar-legged Turks, sat round me cross-legged, with all their arms hanging cumbrously upon them. Our mules were tied by the legs, near the mill; at a window in which, ever and anon, a veiled face and a pair of black eyes presented themselves to reconnoitre—the daughter, or perhaps the wife of themiller.

To many of our readers, perhaps, the most agreeable specimens of Mr. Mac Farlane's style would be extracts from some of the highly graphic descriptions in which his work abounds, of Turkish groups and scenes, or of his accidental rencontres with Mussulman dames, by no means reluctant to be the object of the admiration of the Frank. But such pictures as those we allude to, and some of them are most happily painted, are numerously scattered throughout the book, and it would be difficult to select one or two more skillfully or more faithfully worked than the rest. The present crisis of Turkish affairs besides attaches more than usual importance to the habits and sentiments of the men, and make us regard the proceedings of the inmates of the harem as of little comparative interest.

We shall, therefore, pass by the many interesting situations into which our traveller is thrown in his excursions in Asia Minor, and attend him on his arrival at Constantinople at the beginning of the first Russian campaign, and during the absence of the ambassadors of the three allied Powers. The following presents a lively picture of a Turkish minister at this period, and of the motives which actuate his conduct in affairs of state:

* By the ambassador's (of the Netherlands) advice, I called on Mr. S——, an English merchant, who had not considered it necessary to leave Constantinople with Mr. Stratford Canning, and who had been nominated by the Turkish authorities as a sort of deputy, or represen-

tative of the British subjects that had remained like himself. It was considered necessary that he should present me to the governor of the Christian suburbs of Pera and Galata. To Mr. S—— I was also kindly recommended by my friend E. as to an upright and hospitable Englishman, whose society could hardly fail to be agreeable in a place where there were only two other Englishmen besides himself. He conducted me at once to the bey, who was no less a personage than Achmet Papooshji, a few years before a maker of slippers (as his name implies) at Galata, where he was now governor, and a few months after capitan-pasha, or high-admiral of the Ottoman empire. I have already, I believe, more than once alluded to the rapidity of promotions like the present, and to the facility with which the Turks generally assume manners and dignity adapted to their altered circumstances; I have hinted too, that much of this may depend on the adventitious aid of dress, and flowing robes. With this great set-off Achmet Papooshji was unprovided; he wore the simple dress of a tacito officer, which hung shabbily on him, and did nothing to conceal a low, vulgar person, and a more vulgar face, on which *canaille* was written in characters so pronounced and legible, that "those that run might read." We found him seated in a small room at the Turkish *cancellaria*, or general police office, &c. at Galata. He was on a sofa, covered with scarlet cloth, and was of course smoking. His chibookji sat on the floor, with his eye fixed on the important pipe-bowl; and some half dozen of fellows in gilt jackets, and armed to the teeth, stood in the corners of the room or by the door. Achmet received us very uncourteously, and when Mr. S—— presented me as an Inglez, a traveller who had come to pass a few weeks at Stamboul, he merely said, that I remained under the responsibility of Mr. S——, and dismissed us. The secret, the motive of this incivility? was soon informed of. After the departure of the English ambassador, the porte had thought proper to meddle with our subjects, the Maltese and Ionians, who here, as at Smyrna, live in great numbers, and who, to tell the plain truth of them, are not always the most orderly and respectable of men. Hundreds of these fellows had been arrested by the bey's guards in the streets of Pera and Galata, and without any time being allowed them for preparation, were heaped on board of small and unsafe ships, and sent down the Dardanelles. The professed object of government was to clear the capital of a set of vagabonds, and not to molest any respectable persons; but the measure, like all others, was varied in its application by the officers intrusted with its execution, and Achmet Papooshji, who was at the head of it, caused many respectable men to be seized in the streets. This could be turned to his advantage in two manners, he could sell his protection and a permission to remain, to the persons thus seized, or by sending them off *instantly*, he could put his seal on their property, and help himself with impunity. He had in this manner disposed of the person of a respectable Ionian doctor, who had at the time of his arrest a certain small box containing 20,000 piastres, carefully deposited at his lodgings. This box had fallen into the hands of Achmet, who had shown a strong disposition to keep it, and had been much enraged at my friend S. for bestirring himself in the matter, as he had done on receiving a letter from the poor Ionian. When I afterwards had occasion to visit Achmet with a gentleman who had no subject of dispute with him, I found him much more polite.—Pp. 260, 261.

The subjoined sketch is illustrative of Turkish character, and of the sentiments prevalent at Constantinople on the breaking out of the war with the Russians. The concluding speculations of our author, proceeding as they do from an observer who has taken so enlarged and impartial a view of the circumstances of both parties, well deserve attention:

* Turning from the deserted streets, I entered the vast bazaars, where I could no longer complain of being in a solitude, for Turks, Armenians, and Jews were seated in the front of their open magazines; and I met groups of Turkish women at every step, yet Davide complained of desertion, and said that, compared with the manner in which, at that hour of the day, they used formerly to be thronged, the bazaars were as dull as cemeteries.

* Near the bazaars, we paid a visit to a celebrated chibookji, an old acquaintance of my friend Mr. Z——. He occupied a room in a spacious khan, where a strange

looking set of Turkish traffickers from different parts of the empire lived in rooms like cells, that served them at once as magazines and dwelling-houses. The chibookji received me graciously as the friend of an old friend, and gave me a pipe and coffee. To inquiries that I suggested to Davide, he replied without reserve, and being naturally rather loquacious for a Turk, we had considerable conversation. The chibookji complained of the exceeding dullness of trade: he had never known times so bad; there was no selling a single amber or enamelled mouth-piece; no disposing of a pipe, except common trash at six piastres the piece, to the Asiatic recruits for the army—articles and customers with which he, as one at the very head of the trade, deigned not to deal. His next door neighbour, a retailer of shawls and embroidered handkerchiefs, he said, was equally slack. "These are bad times, sir," added Davide, as he helped me to the full understanding of the chibookji's speeches, "when Turks can buy no pipes and shawls, and their women no embroidered handkerchiefs, times are bad indeed at Stamboul." I should indeed judge these two trades to be a pretty fair criterion for the state of the rest, (putting aside those connected with the supply of the absolute necessities of life,) and our entertainer assured us that the whole khan was deserted for days together, as if an evil eye had been cast upon it.

"When we came to speak of the war and the Muscovites, the old Turk groaned and shook his head: he partook of the depression of spirits which, as I have already mentioned, was evidently pretty general at the opening of the campaign; but when he heard an allusion to the possibility of the capture of Stamboul, his eyes glistened, and he struck his pipe with such violence on the floor, that the bowl flew from the stick. "Isallah! that shall never be!" said he, raising his voice that had hitherto been in the usual Turkish tone, (I wish some nations who pride themselves on their civilization would imitate it), soft and subdued—the very voice of gentleness.

"Baccalum!" mildly rejoined my Chaldean, who was tormenting the old man all the time; "but if the Muscovs do take the city after all, what will you do?"

"As there is one God! I will stab to the heart my wife and my children—no Ghiaours shall touch them! Mashallah!"

"And what will you do then?"

"I will take my yataghan and pistols and destroy as many of the Muscovs as I can—and then I will run into Asia?"

"But the Muscovs have swords and pistols too—you are an old man—a man of peace, unused to warfare—they may kill you, before you can kill one of them!"

"Allah-Keirim! (God is great!) I shall then die a shehid!"

"Notwithstanding that fanaticism may be on the decline, and that many Turks giving utterance to such projects, would be incapable of proceeding to such horrible extremities, I cannot doubt but that the last struggle would be a tremendous one. The Russians, or any other power, victorious even to the walls of Constantinople, might there meet a repetition of the horrors that the fanatic Jews offered in Jerusalem to the Romans—if indeed they were not themselves repulsed by the last effort of despair and madness. The weak and the timid might seek safety in Asia, but the hosts driven from their homes in the European provinces already overrun—men deprived of all their earthly possessions—would be admirably prepared for martyrs, and the ready recipients of the suggestions of fanaticism; to these the more determined portion of the population of the less warlike capital might add many thousands; nor do I conceive that Constantinople could be taken until this multitude was absolutely annihilated, and the city reduced to a smoking ruin, with nought left to peer above its ashes save its ancient walls, its imperial mosques, the stone-built departments of the seraglio, and a few other edifices, from the nature of their construction, impervious to fire.

"In fine, without any pretension to the gift of prophecy, I feel myself a conviction, from what I have read, and directly seen and heard, that the last day of Ottoman misrule in Europe (and that day, though perhaps yet remote, will come,) will be a day of blood and atrocity unparalleled in modern ages, and for a type or diminutive

representation of which, we must recur to what happened on the subversion of some ancient nations."—Pp. 271—274.

We cannot close our notice of this volume without again recommending it strongly as a highly interesting narrative, in which an air of truth is preserved amidst descriptions pleasingly, and sometimes even vividly, wrought. Little inaccuracies, the consequences, perhaps, of haste in bringing out the work, are here and there observable, and may be corrected in a second edition: we allude particularly to a passage in which a Turk is made to betray sad confusion in his notion of the relative value of fractional parts. The atmospheric effects at the Bosphorus, it is to be observed also, must be remarkable indeed, if to the beholder from the Asiatic shore the dwellings on the European side of the channel appear of the same size as the buildings immediately before him: yet so they are represented in the view of Constantinople with which the quarto volume of our author is embellished. These are faults which detract but little from the value of the book, and which we notice less for the purpose of pointing them out to notice, than with the view to show that they have not escaped our observation, and to prove that the praise we have in other respects had the satisfaction of bestowing is not indiscriminate.

FREDERIC THE GREAT.

Friedrich der Grosse, seine Familie, &c. Frederic the Great, his Family, Friends, and Court; or, My Twenty Years' Residence at Berlin. By D. Thiébauld, formerly Professor at the Equestrian Academy of Berlin. 2 vols large 8vo. Leipzig, 1828.

THE son of M. Thiébauld published a fourth edition of the 'Souvenirs de vingt Ans de Séjour à Berlin,' in the year 1827, but administered so strong an opiate to his readers by rendering it the vehicle of personal comment and family episode, that the literary world ought to feel grateful to the anonymous writer of the present condensation for reducing the five tomes of the original into the more portly form of two neat octavos. Thiébauld himself was undoubtedly placed in a situation to observe the immortal Frederic, such as he appeared when he became individualized; when, casting aside the trappings and incumbrances of royalty, he filled his allotted station in the busy drama of domestic life: and his biographer would have exhibited better taste had he been less anxious to constitute himself into a leading personage of the drama, and more apt to remember how insignificant must appear the most signal occurrence which befel him, when placed in juxtaposition with even the bagatelles appertaining to the personal history of the greatest man of his age.

The first book of the present publication portrays the Prussian monarch in his every day character, and records his studies, opinions, literary occupations, journeys, private life, old age, last sickness, and dying moments. The second introduces us to his consort, the crown prince, his successor and nephew, Frederic William, and other princely personages. The third book, with which the second volume opens, describes the court, its festivals, and *dramatis personæ*, Pöllnitz, Nesselrode, de Guines, General Nugent, Prince Dolgorouki, Cobenzel, et eis similes. The fourth renders an account of Frederic's civil and military administration; and the fifth and last is devoted to his academies, his system of public education, and his literary familiars, Jordan, Voltaire, Maupertius, d'Argens, Algarotti, de Prades, &c.

Such is the attractive matter of which these two volumes are composed; and we should have been well pleased had our limits permitted us to have brought the reader better acquainted with them. We shall commence by proving with how much injustice Frederic has been charged with harshness and want of feeling; and the following anecdote is but one out of a thousand instances which his private life affords, of the kind and affectionate heart which throbbed within his bosom. It refers to the death of Prince Henry:

"This young prince was in his eighteenth year, and

had just completed his education; the king had given him a regiment of cuirassiers, which he was on his way to join, previously to taking the command of it at the manœuvres of the spring season, near Berlin. On the journey he fell sick with the small-pox, and in seven or eight days lay a corpse in a small town. The sorrow occasioned by this melancholy occurrence was deeply and universally felt, and it was poignantly enhanced by the hopes justly derived from the prince's intellectual endowments and amiability of character. Some months after this event the king came to Berlin, and, according to custom, ordered me to attend him. As soon as I entered he addressed me in the following words, "You are aware how severe a loss the state and myself have sustained. This calamity has preyed in a particular manner on my own feelings. Not a day has passed in which I have not dwelt upon the estimable qualities by which the prince rendered himself respected and beloved. I did not deem it sufficient to dwell on this recollection only, but considered it my duty to record what he was, by means of a faithful portraiture, which might rescue from oblivion that which was most estimable in his character, and at the same time justifies my own anguish. I think that such a portrait of his youthful career may prove a useful mirror for those whom fortune calls to a similar station, as well as to those who are capable of rising to high eminence. I endeavoured, therefore, to divert my sorrows into a channel which might be beneficial to society, and have sketched out a panegyric on this greatly and sincerely lamented prince. I am desirous that this composition should be read at a public sitting of my academy, and have selected yourself for this purpose. The sketch is, however, by no means in a finished state; several passages in it require to be remodelled; but, whenever I have sat down to the task, the image of my nephew, and that alone, has so engrossed my every faculty, that I have found myself incapacitated from using my pen. This will account for the numberless alterations in my attempt, and I have, therefore, to request you will copy it out in a very plain and legible hand, leaving so large a space between the words and lines that I may be able to insert such variations in it as may appear necessary. But you are not familiar with my hand-writing, and may not be able to read it; indeed it is a scrawl, and not fit to be called writing. On this account I shall read it over to you first of all; and request you will not only prepare the copy I desire, but report to me whatever faults may have escaped me, either against grammar or propriety of expression." The king here took his sketch and laid it on a small square table, which he had always by his side, strewn with books, writing materials, paper, and several snuff-boxes. He commenced reading his composition like a person labouring to suppress his feelings; it was perceptible that his voice was striving to retain the mastery over his emotion; he spoke slowly and made long pauses, but his firmness soon gave way; his tone became tremulous at the second page, and tears started into his eyes; every moment he was forced to stop and have recourse to his handkerchief; it was in vain for him to attempt restraining his tears, or clearing his throat; and he sunk under the effort by the time he had reached the fourth page. A burst of tears now overcame him so completely, that he was deprived of any further power of utterance, and could do no more than silently give me the paper, his hand trembling as he extended it. I took it from him with those feelings of reverence and consolation which arose from the conviction that this exalted individual was no stranger to the most affecting and sacred impressions of which human nature is susceptible. After some minutes of uninterrupted silence, Frederic at last addressed me, "You are aware of my wishes. Fare ye well!"

It has been reported of Napoleon Buonaparte, that he had duplicate sets of his favourite authors in his several libraries at Paris, St. Cloud, Fontainebleau, &c. In this respect, the Prussian sovereign had adopted the same plan long before him:

Frederic had five libraries, each of which was a counterpart of the other; they were stationed at Potsdam, Sans Souci, Berlin, Charlottenburg, and Breslau: by this means, when he travelled from one of these spots to another, he had no further trouble but to note the page at which he had left off, and could then continue his readings without interruption. For this purpose, five copies

* *Shehid*—Martyr.

were purchased of every publication he ordered. In the first class of his favourite authors stood Homer, Plato, Demosthenes, Herodotus, Thucydides, Diodorus of Sicily, and Plutarch; then came Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Sallust, Cæsar, Livy, Tacitus, and the philosophical works of Seneca; and last of all, were Corneille, Racine, Molière, Bossuet, Flechier, Fenelon's *Telemachus*, d'Aguesseau, Montesquieu, and Bayle; besides the principal works of the French historians, such as Héaault, &c. Changes were frequently made in the contents of these libraries; some authors were dismissed, either because the king conceived he had pored over them long enough, or, perhaps, from his estimate of their value having abated; others, like Voltaire, were placed upon his shelves as they successively appeared, or because he deemed them worthy of such an honour. The ancient writers figured in his collections in the shape of the best translations at that time extant in the French language, for he had but a slender knowledge of Latin, and knew nothing at all of Greek.*

A passage of the second volume would lead us to extenuate more readily the credulity which has hallowed the name of that monstrous miracle-monger of our own days, the notable Prince Hohenlohe. In matters of faith, at least, the vulgar have seldom been cried down for aping their betters; and it must assuredly be deemed lawful, that the fooleries achieved by the more enlightened at Frederic's court should be quoted in vindication by the less enlightened, who fill the court of his highness the knight-itinerant of the actual *regina cæli* of Catholic mythology.

* M. von Kleist,* says our biographer, 'who was Canon of Brandenburg, together with several other noblemen of distinction, (among whom were generals and persons high in office), became acquainted with a charlatan, who gave out that he was able to discover hidden treasures by the aid of the devil. A species of honourable compact was formed between these several parties; its object was to practise this sublime art for the common benefit of the whole crew; and the impostor was not only richly remunerated in anticipation of his mysterious revelations, but he was promised a certain portion of the treasures which were to be revealed to them. There was no folly in which they did not embark with a view to effect their purpose; every species of mummery which could be extracted from the experience of witches and enchanters, was brought into play; and his Satanic majesty was cited before them by all possible modes of incantation, at every hour of the night, and in the most distant and deserted places. The greatest and most costly sacrifices were made in order to propitiate his adamant heart; but nought would avail; Belzebub was too wary to be caught in their toils. The *dernier resort* was at last adopted, and his altar was to be consecrated by a black ram, which had not a single white hair on any part of his body. But such an animal was not of easy acquisition; all Brandenburg, Mecklenburg, and the adjacent countries, were turned inside out, but without effect; foreign lands were explored in quest of the inestimable creature, and a remote corner of Lithuania brought it ultimately to light. The ecstasy of the party does not admit of description; the ram was obtained almost at the price of his weight in gold, and conveyed with religious care to Brandenburg; nor was a more perfect specimen of this genus ever offered up at the shrine of Bacchus. But with whatever diligence and attention the victim was at length conducted into the presence of the confederates, the prayers addressed to the Spirit of Darkness remained bootless, and his diabolical excellency, whether from spite or ingratitude, remained deaf to their vehement supplications. That the parties concerned should not only have been disappointed of their expected treasures, but have brought themselves still nearer to their ultimate ruin, formed no unnatural denouement of this farcical enterprise.'

This occurrence induces some observations on the narrator's part, which affords us a still more amusing peep behind the scenes, with which we close our notice of this interesting work:

'Is it unreasonable to express surprise, that men of rank and education, men who were not devoid of all intellect and merit, should be capable of committing such absurdities? And that this should happen under the reign of a princely philosopher like Frederic, among per-

sons moving about his very court and person? And yet under the nose of that same ruler, who wrote the sacred commentary on the ass-hide, Laméthrie, a most inveterate apostle of materialism, was known to beat the cross when it thundered; Maupertius, who was as little of a Christian as the former, would kneel down every evening and say his prayers; d'Argens, whose mind was encumbered with no religious feelings at all, would avoid sitting down to dinner with thirteen persons, and devote the first Friday in every month, as a *jour de bonne fortune*, to the writing and opening of letters; the Princess Amelia would set out her cards, and have her future destiny expounded from them; and the whole court seriously believed in the white dame, who should make her *début* with a long besom in a certain apartment of the palace, and cleanse it out with might and main, in token of the approaching decease of some member of the royal family.'

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Library of Entertaining Knowledge, Vol. I. Part II. The Menageries: Quadrupeds, described and drawn from living Subjects, published under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. 12mo. Knight, London. 1829.

THE completion of the first volume of the 'Menageries' has been looked for with impatience. The general interest attached to the subject so judiciously selected for the commencement of the new Library, the excellent sample afforded by the first part, the popular arrangement of its matter, the variety of entertaining anecdotes it comprised, and the easy and appropriate style in which it was written, created a desire for the speedy appearance of the continuation, which the society, under whose superintendence this series of works is publishing, have done well to indulge, as, we judge by their advertisements, they have deviated from their original intentions for the purpose of doing, by hastening the publication of another part of the 'Menageries.'

This second part contains the natural history of the camel, llama, giraffe, antelope, and deer. The account of the camel, and of the well-known peculiarities by which the care of an all-providing Nature has distinguished that animal, and adapted it for the desert regions in which it is its destiny to exist, is full of lively interest. The most curious particulars relating to its instinct, conformation, and habits have been diligently collected, not only from the reports of the most esteemed travellers, who have given the narrative of their journeys to the world, but from original sources of the same description, with which the public were before unacquainted. Of the latter class are the valuable communications, the result of recent observations, of Mr. Mac Farlane, the author of the newly-published work 'Constantinople in 1828.' One remark especially of this traveller suggests some curious reflections, on the nature of the antipathy which the horse is supposed to entertain for the camel, and which is strongly shown in some instances, while in others the symptoms of it are so slight as to give rise to the opinion that in the countries where both animals abound, an hereditary conquest of the prejudice has been effected*. This inference is not

* A curious instance of an antipathy of this kind in mules, and of the sensitiveness of those animals to the vicinity of the object of their disgust or alarm, occurred, a few years since, to the writer of this notice, on a journey from Palermo to Cefalù. The animals, which were three in number, became uneasy and scarcely manageable (although in a different degree, according to their individual strength and vigour) at a point of the road in which no cause for their alarm was perceptible either to the riders or their guide. The view in front extended only a few hundred yards; the sea was on one side, but all was calm; no Phædra had been sighted; nor had the trident-bearing god sent any terrible monster to affray the beasts and work the revenge of a deluded parent: on the land side, every thing was equally tranquil; still the mules were restive, nor was it without difficulty that they were compelled to go forward; and it was some time after a promontory had been doubled that their uneasiness was explained by the overtaking a showman with his camel. It is worthy of remark, also, that the terror or dislike of the mules was even less strongly shown on a nearer approach to the camel, and when it

quite satisfactory; the conquest, we think, must be considered less an inherited virtue than the result of individual education. Camels we see led about the streets of European cities without occasioning any great confusion among our charioteers or horsemen; and surely the patience of our steeds in this case is to be attributed to their excellent training and subdued temper, it may be to a philosophical disregard of wonders common to brutes and men of experience, rather than to qualities descending from sire to son.

For the detail of the habits of the camel, we refer our readers to the 'Menageries,' chusing for their present entertainment, and as a specimen of the interesting nature of the contents of this second part, to extract from the natural history of antelopes, a short account of the curious species of that animal the springbok (the *antelope eucore* of Burchell), an inhabitant of Southern Africa, and well known to the colonists at the Cape. Its name of springbok is derived, we are told, from the extraordinary leaps it is in the habit of taking when hastening its pace. 'In these bounds,' says Burchell, 'the animals rise with curved or elevated backs high into the air, generally to the height of eight feet, and appearing as if about to take flight.' 'Some of the herds,' he adds, 'moved by us almost within musket-shot, and I observed that in crossing the beaten road, the greater number cleared it by one of those flying leaps; although as the road was quite smooth and level with the plain, there was no necessity for their leaping over it.' A peculiarity in the exterior of this animal, remarked by Burchell, as distinguishing it from all known species, is the very long white hair lying flat along the middle of the back, and nearly concealed by the fur on each side, except when the animal takes its extraordinary leaps, when it becomes expanded.

A remarkable circumstance in the natural history of this animal are its migrations in innumerable swarms from unknown regions in the interior of Africa to the abodes of man. The following description of these migrations is furnished to the 'Menageries,' by Mr. Pringle, to whom it was addressed by his correspondent Captain Stockenström, a native of the country, chief civil commissioner at the Cape:

'It is scarcely possible for a person passing over some of the extensive tracts of the interior, and admiring that elegant antelope the springbok, thinly scattered over the plains, and bounding in playful innocence, to figure to himself that these ornaments of the desert can often become as destructive as the locusts themselves. The incredible numbers which sometimes pour in from the north, during protracted droughts, distress the farmer inconceivably. Any attempt at numerical computation would be vain; and by trying to come near the truth, the writer would subject himself, in the eyes of those who have no knowledge of the country, to a suspicion, that he was availing himself of a traveller's assumed privilege. Yet it is well known in the interior, that on the approach of the *trek-bokken*, (as these migratory swarms are called,) the grazer makes up his mind to look for pasture for his flocks elsewhere, and considers himself entirely dispossessed of his lands until heavy rains fall. Every attempt to save the cultivated fields, if they be not enclosed by high and thick hedges, proves abortive. Heaps of dry manure (the fuel of the Sneeubergen and other parts,) are placed close to each other round the fields, and set on fire in the evening, so as to cause a dense smoke, by which it is hoped the antelopes will be deterred from their inroads; but the dawn of day exposes the inefficacy of the precaution, by showing the lands, which appeared proud of their promising verdure the evening before, covered with thousands, and reaped level with the ground. Instances have been known of some of those prodigious droves passing through flocks of sheep; and numbers of the latter, carried along with the torrent, being lost to the owners, and becoming a prey to the wild beasts. As long as these droughts last, their inroads and depredations continue; and the havoc committed upon them is of course great, as they constitute the food of all classes; but no sooner do the rains fall than they disappear, and was in sight, than at a distance, and when it was only by quickness of their scent that they could have been sensible that any object of their antipathy was near.

in a few days become as scarce on the northern borders as in the more protected districts of Bruintjes-Hoogte and Camdeboo.

'The African colonists themselves can form no conception of the cause of the extraordinary appearance of these animals; and, from their not being able to account for it, those who have not been eye-witnesses of such scenes consider their accounts as exaggerated; but a little more minute inspection of the country south of the Orange River solves the difficulty at once. The immense desert tracts between that river and our colony, westward of the Zeekoe River, though destitute of permanent springs, and therefore uninhabitable by human beings for any length of time, are, notwithstanding, interspersed with stagnant pools, and vleys, or natural reservoirs of brackish water, which, however bad, satisfies the game. In these endless plains, the springboks multiply, undisturbed by the hunter, (except when occasionally the Bosjesman destroys a few with his poisoned arrows,) until the country literally swarms with them; when, perhaps, one year out of four or five, a lasting drought leaves the pools exhausted, and parches up the soil, naturally inclined to sterility. Thus want, principally of water, drives those myriads of animals, either to the Orange River or the colony, when they intrude in the manner above described. But when the bountiful thunder-clouds pour their torrents upon our burnt-up country, reanimating vegetation, and restoring plenty to all graminivorous animals,—then, when we could, perhaps, afford to harbour those unwelcome visitors, their own instinct and our persecutions propel them again to their more sterile but peaceful and secluded plains, to recruit the numbers lost during their migration, and to resume their attacks upon us, when their necessities shall again compel them.'

To this, Mr. Pringle himself adds the result of his own observations as follows:

'To the above description of the migratory swarms of springboks, I have little to add from my own observation. I once passed through a most astonishing multitude scattered over the grassy plains near the Little Fish River. I could not, for my own part, profess to estimate their number with any degree of accuracy; but they literally whitened, or rather speckled, the face of the country as far as the eye could reach over those far-stretching plains; and a gentleman, better acquainted than myself with such scenes, who was riding with me, affirmed that we could not have fewer of these animals, at one time, under our eye, than twenty-five or thirty thousand.'

'I am not aware whether any species of antelope nearly allied to the springbok is to be found in the northern parts of Africa, or in Palestine; but it is a singular circumstance that the name of this animal, in the Bichuana language, (*tzebe*), is precisely the same as that used in the Song of Solomon, to designate an animal of the antelope family, erroneously rendered *roe* in our translation.'

'The springbok is easily tamed when caught young. I have seen it, in several places, reared as a plaything for the children, at the farms of the colonists,—sometimes playing like a pet lamb about the doors, among the numerous swarms of dogs and poultry,—in other instances accompanying the flocks of sheep and goats to pasture, and returning as regularly and quietly as the rest.'

'Such facts demonstrate how easy it would be, with a little care and management, to enlarge the list of domesticated animals, by adding to them many species of such as are at present considered the most shy and impracticable.'

These swarms, it seems, do not come to the cultivated plains unattended. The Baron Cuvier says:

'The lion has been seen to migrate, and walk in the midst of the compressed phalanx, with only as much room between him and his victims as the fears of those immediately around could procure by pressing outwards.'

The wood-cuts seem as numerous, as faithful, and as full of character as those of the first part: and to the other recommendations of this volume, it is but justice to add, that it is, beyond all comparison, the cheapest book in the market.

HISTORICAL ESSAY ON MAGNA CHARTA.

An Historical Essay on the Magna Charta of King John; to which are added, the Great Charter, in Latin and English; The Charters of Liberties and Confirmation, &c. By Richard Thomson. 8vo. London, 1829. Major, and Jennings.

This publication deserves notice on account of the spirited style in which it is got up, and of the great taste displayed in its embellishments. We should be sorry that these should go unrewarded, yet the work is of such a nature that we fear a limited sale only can be expected for it. The admirer, however, of the most excellent of our ancient institutions, and of the charters more especially to which for so many centuries Englishmen have been accustomed to refer as the standard of their liberties, will be glad to find the history and the contents of these documents collected into a small compass, and illustrated by decorations no less beautiful in their kind than characteristic of the age in which the events to which they refer took place.

The principal of these illustrations is the discovery, by Archbishop Langton to the barons of England, of the charter of liberties granted by Henry I. The engraving, which is on wood, is taken from the painting preserved in the Picture Gallery at Oxford, and is executed by Mason, after a drawing by W. H. Brooke. The work is such as would be expected from the united labours of two artists so eminent in their respective branches. The cut, minute as it is, is perfectly beautiful; the figures of King John and of the ecclesiastics and knights of his age, and the drawings of castles and other buildings, most of them faithfully represented after authority derived from ancient monuments, which decorate the heads and corners of the pages, together with the initials and tail-pieces to the chapters, are specimens in which the simple style of drawing of ancient art is happily united with the freedom of execution of modern times. They are remarkable, moreover, for the true feudal character thrown into them.

From the vast mass of illustrative letter-press by which the characters are accompanied, we select, as a specimen of Mr. Thomson's mode of annotation, the following brief memoir of Eustace de Vesci, one of the twenty-five Securities for the performance of the engagements in the Magna Charta by King John. Memoirs of all the Securities are given in a similar manner.

'It has already been noticed, on page 16 of the preceding essay, that the name of Eustace de Vesci was intimately connected with the rise and progress of the baronial insurrections of the time of King John. He was the son of William de Vesci, sometime sheriff of Northumberland; and becoming of full age in 1190, the second year of Richard I. he gave 2300 marks, £1531. 6s. 8d. for delivery of his lands and leave to marry, in which year he also paid £12. 3s. 4d. for the Scutage of Wales. At another Scutage made for Normandy in 1196-97, the 8th of Richard I. he rated himself at £24. 6s. 8d.; which however he was acquitted of at that of Scotland, the 13th of John, 1211-12, as well as of the payment for twelve knights-fees in the Scutage for Wales. In the early part of the reign of John, Eustace de Vesci appears to have been employed by the sovereign, since in 1199 he was one of the ambassadors sent to William, king of Scotland; but in 1212, his fourteenth year, he fled into that kingdom with Robert Fitz-walter, upon their being required to give securities for their faithful allegiance. The reason alleged for their conduct was, that John was then an excommunicated man; but though the English possessions of De Vesci were seized upon, and his castle of Alnwick ordered to be destroyed, the whole of his lands were restored, upon the King's reconciliation to the Cardinal Pandulph. Henry Knighton, a canon-regular of Leicester Abbey, who lived in the time of Richard II. relates an improbable circumstance, particularly connected with this baron, wherein he affirms that the incontinence of John was the real cause of the general insurrection of the people against him, charging him with vitiating their wives, and then deriding them. He adds too, that Eustace de Vesci having married a very beautiful wo-

man—Margaret, daughter of William, king of Scotland—whom he kept far distant from the court, John became enamoured of her, and carefully considered how he might possess her. Sitting one day at table with the baron, King John observing a ring which he wore, took it from him, and said that he had a similar stone, which he would have set in gold of the same pattern; and having thus procured it, he immediately sent it in De Vesci's name to his wife, charging her by that token instantly to come to him, if she ever expected to see him alive. Believing this message, she speedily departed to the court, but on her arrival there she met her husband, who happened to be riding out; and an explanation having taken place, a disguised courtizan was sent to the King as her substitute. Upon John's discovery of this deceit, he was so enraged that De Vesci fled into the north, destroying some of the King's houses in his passage; whilst many of the nobles who had experienced the same treatment going with him, they seized upon the King's castles, and at length were joined by the citizens of London. As this baron was so inveterate an enemy to King John, it is not surprising to find him a principal leader in the insurrection that followed: he was one of the peers who met at Stamford and Brackley, one of the twenty-five elected to govern the kingdom, one of those to whom the city and Tower of London were committed, one of those excommunicated by the pope, and one of those who invited Louis the Dauphin over from France. His own death was, however, intimately connected with this last rebellious and unpatriotic action. In attending his brother-in-law, Alexander, king of Scotland, to welcome the Dauphin, and to do homage to him for that kingdom, they passed by Barnard Castle, in the bishopric of Durham, then kept by Hugh de Balliol; and approaching too near to see if it might easily be captured, Eustace de Vesci was shot through the head with an arrow from the garrison, in 1216, the last year of the reign of King John. The armorial ensigns which Pine attributes to this baron are Quarterly Or, and Gules; those assigned by Banks are Gules, a Cross Argent; those quartered by the house of Clifford, as heirs general of that of Vesci, were changed into Or, a Cross Sable; but perhaps the most authentic bearing is Gules, a Cross Patonce, Argent. The male line of this family terminated in William, commonly called William de Vesci of Kildare, who was slain in the battle of Bannocksburn, July 25th, 1314, the illegitimate son of William, the grandson of Eustace. The female line ended in Margery, sole daughter and heir to Warine de Vesci, brother of Eustace, who married Gilbert Aton, of Aton in Pickering-Lithe, in the county of York. In 1315, the 9th of Edward II. Gilbert Aton, her great-grandson was found to be the right heir of William de Vesci, and to him the family estates in Yorkshire descended: the marriage of his great grand-daughter Margaret, with Thomas Bromfielde, brought the title of Vesci into the house of Clifford, by the union of Margaret her grand-daughter, with John, lord Clifford, who was slain in the battle of Towton, March 29th, 1461; from whom the present Lord de Clifford, of the family of Southwell, is descended.'—Pp. 190—192.

The Dramatic Magazine, No. 5.—July.

This is a new monthly periodical, confined, as the title imports, exclusively to matters connected with the theatre. It has reached its fifth number. The last contains a summary of the new pieces brought out at the two winter theatres during the late season. From this it appears, that, out of sixteen produced at Drury-lane, four had been damned, and eight were highly successful. Of twelve dramas which were brought out on the boards of Covent Garden, three were damned, and three met with great success.

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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UDE ON LITERATURE.

It has been remarked, by historians of the human mind, that no great intellectual or moral revolution has ever been clearly foreseen by those men whose lives preceded it, or even its importance duly estimated by its contemporaries. Innovators in thought have seldom been considered in their own days as any thing more than pretenders or copyists; and there seems little chance that a great regenerator of literature will ever receive the honour due to him, unless he shall at the same time command the approbation of the world by indisputable supremacy in some other kingdom of renown. We have been long convinced that no reformer of book-craft can hope to receive justice in his own life-time, at the hands of men, unless he shall bring to his mental revolution a name otherwise as pre-eminent as that of Wellington, Mahmoud, or Rossini. That one of those giants should undertake the enterprise of literary improvement, we had little expectation. But while we were thinking with despair of conquerors, prime ministers, sultans, and *maestri*, a greater than them all appears; achieves the task which we feared would necessarily be the origin of contempt and hatred to him who should accomplish it; and guards and establishes his work by a previous fame more unquestionable, lofty, and general than that of statesman or artist. M. UDE HAS WRITTEN A BOOK ON LITERATURE.

The volume of which we speak, for into one volume has this author voluntarily restricted his mighty but modest intellect (like the Astral Angel of the Eastern tale, who, for love of a mortal maiden, confined himself within a pearl of her necklace),—the small though massive octavo lately prepared by M. Ude, resembles in every particular but its subject, the book which is at once the familiar alphabet, the scientific system, and the inspired Koran of Cookery. It has been but very recently completed; and we feel no ordinary pride in stating that its publication has only been delayed in order that 'The Athenæum' might convey to the public the first information of its existence, and a specimen of that unrivalled merit which will soon dawn in its orbéd brightness on the world.

We are happy to know that a taste as severe and exquisite as that which governed the meanest details of the former work, displays itself in every line of the new Institutes. A deep and delicate consciousness of the necessary relation between Literature and Cookery, has produced an appropriate correspondence in the style, arrangement, and decorations of the two volumes. This similarity, however, is always made subservient to the highest exigencies of a philosophic spirit. Of this we find, what appears to us, a beautiful example in the two frontispieces. We scarcely need inform our readers that in the beginning of the 'French Cook,' M. Ude is represented (as copied from a portrait) in furs and jewels, seated on a modern easy chair, and with a social and lively, though considerate temper, sparkling in his eye. In the book which we have the honour of introducing to public veneration, the same great man is exhibited to us as engraved by Mr. Deane, from an admirable bust by Chantry. His countenance is here in some degree idealised, and assimilated to the unearthly beauty of the Phidian gods. We believe that every one will feel with how nice a discernment the painting has been engraved for the book of Cookery, and the bust for the book of Literature.

The world, however, will perceive the force of this beautiful distinction but feebly in comparison with the vividness of our conception of M. Ude's design; for he has placed in our hands a little manuscript treatise on the natural connection between Painting and Cookery on the one hand, and Sculpture and Letters on the other. In this he points out that pictures have always been considered the most appropriate decorations of the eating-room; that the dining-halls of Roman luxury were blazoned with pictures; that the masterpiece of Leonardo Da Vinci was painted on the

wall of a refectory, and that the ancestors of many an English peer smile from the canvas on the prandial enjoyments of their successor. On the contrary, do we not always see the library adorned with busts and statues; and the pen of eloquence, and not the ladle of culinary art, called in to complete the sculptured monument by an epitaph? The Hindoos, little skilled in painting, have no refined dish but curry, and are debarred, by their religion, from eating either fowls or beef; while the statues of Hindostan are innumerable, and frequently elegant, and the books of the Brahmins engage and repay the studies of a Wilkins and a Schlegel. The painter, like the cook, draws the subject of his art from all the regions of nature; the vegetable painted by the one is dressed by the other; the ocean, reproduced by the pencil of Collins, has supplied fish for Mr. Crockford's table; and the oxen, which move and ruminate, and all but low in the pictures of a Ward, are employed to furnish raw materials for the enchanted stew-pan of an Eustache Ude. The man lives in the statue and the book; and the barbarian child, that has never entered either a kitchen or a library, would recognise, by an intuition more certain and precious than the notices of the senses, the similarity, or, in a spiritual sense, the identity, between the varied colours of a dinner-table and those of a picture, and between the pale lights and the dark shadows of a printed sheet and a sculptured marble. M. Ude concludes his essay by showing that the Greeks and Romans, admirable for literature and sculpture, were comparatively unimportant as cooks or painters; but that among modern nations, the arts of the spit and pencil have obtained a development unknown in the times of antiquity. We intend to submit the treatise, of which we have thus abridged a part, to the congenial eyes of the German lecturer on dramatic literature and the British authors of the Guesses at Truth.

The title of M. Ude's work runs as follows:

'The French Man of Letters, a System of Fashionable and Economical Literature, adapted to the Use of English Families. By Louis Eustache Ude, ci-devant Cook to Louis XVI. and the Earl of Sefton; late Steward to the United Service Club; to his late Royal Highness the Duke of York; now Maître D'Hotel at Crockford's Club, St. James's Street; Doctor of the Sorbonne; Provost-elect of King's College, London; and Author of a Philological and Philosophical Commentary on the Deipnosophists of Athenæus, and the συμποσια of Xenophon and Plato; and of a critical Preface to Napoleon's early work, the Souper de Beaucaire. With an Appendix of Observations on the Reading of the Day—New Method of Fashionable Authorship for Boudoirs and Drawing-rooms, as practised by the Writer for many Ladies of Rank—History of Literature.—Rules for Cutting-up—On the choice of Books, &c.'

This title does not take notice of a preface, from which we make the following extract, and which corresponds to that of the author's work on cookery.

'I have published,' emphatically writes M. Ude, 'a Book on Cookery. Of the indirect effect of that work on the morals, manners, and opinions of England, it is not for me to speak. I leave to others to proclaim that what mechanic's institutes and infant schools are slowly accomplishing for the lower classes, has been at once achieved for the higher by a single volume. It has sufficed for me to contemplate with silent satisfaction the sure predominance of truth over error, of a philosophic spirit over vulgar and confused empiricism; of knowledge complete and harmonious, over the blind guesses of ignorance, and the rude and inconsistent experiments of semi-barbarous kitchens. I have exulted with a tranquil and modest triumph, in the inevitable success of my labours; and it has been to me no slight testimony of the superiority of my favourite art over every other mode of human activity and intelligence, that while years of hostility, and month after month of nightly contest (fatal alike to sleep and eating, to the enjoyment of the bed and the supper-table,) were hardly enough to settle the Roman Catholic question; one retired student brought about by a single

volume a revolution of far higher importance and more lasting benefit. The distinctions of sects are partial and transitory. But every man to live must eat; and to all who eat, cookery is of paramount interest.

'These reflections might have been sufficient for the happiness of many men. To mine they were not so. No sooner had I finished my labours in one department, than I began to turn my eyes to another. And I speedily determined that I would write a book on literature. My views were directed in this line by the following considerations. All that men can know relates either to their bodies or their minds. The material and the spiritual world are the two spheres in which the region of humanity is appointed. Cookery is the highest of physical arts, and Literature of metaphysical. For a man who has laid down the boundaries and laws of the one, it will be a new triumph to develop to the utmost the nature of the other, and to arrange its results in a lucid order. He will thus, as it were, have legislated for both the kingdoms of human nature; and all the phenomena of existence will find their explanation and their rule in one or other of his systems. I foresaw with a rapt and prophetic eye the time when, by my intervention, the twin stars of literature and cookery shall reign over all the host of heaven, and govern by their subtle influence the movements of every thing on earth. If any one shall seek to determine the respective value of these two powers, I will answer that a comparison between cookery and literature is not so much fruitless or erroneous in its conclusions as unphilosophical in its design. Let us imitate the wise caution of Rousseau, who has left it uncertain whether Julie was more admirable a beauty, a letter-writer, or an epicure. By the constitution of human nature we necessarily look at the pen and the fork, as different in their essences no less than in their objects; and to attempt to estimate the relative values in the system of the universe of ink and soup, is to forget that nature has unchangeably decreed the gall-nuts to grow in the forest, and the ox to wander in the meadow. Neither is it allowable to imitate the later platonists of letters and gastronomy, and to trace the ascending series of dishes, till they lose themselves insensibly in the lower regions of literature. The two must be considered as necessarily parallel, and not as possibly one continuous line. We must compare the respective portions of each; look at an *entremet* side by side with an epigram; study a "rump of beef, Flemish way," with regard to a Tragedy from the German, and discover the hidden relation between Tongue à la Maintenon, and Mr. Canning's speeches.

'These were some of the views with which I began my labours; I had the satisfaction of finding, on farther examination, that the method which had been so valuable in the study of cookery, might be applied with equal success to literature. I have read the books of my day, and I have published this treatise. With my two volumes in my hands, I will boldly present myself at the tribunal of posterity; and if any man can assert that he has done more than I have accomplished for the development and gratification of the intellect and the palate, I consent that his name shall be written above mine in the Temple of Memory.'

We proceed to quote some of the directions of 'the French Man of Letters,' and we persuade ourselves that they will be no less satisfactory to the world than those of 'The French Cook.' After a good deal of introductory matter, M. Ude proceeds as follows:—

(To be continued.)

THE CURATE.

(Continued from p. 395.)

AND strange it were had these things not been so! If men, but nobler beasts, had will to seek Beyond their world for life and light! They speak Most vainly, who by pride, or worse pretence Upborne, contend that in this sphere of sense, Aught may by men be found, save sense alone: This tree's a tree, no more; this stone a stone

To the world's eye, to organs made to scan
The things without: it is the soul of man
That through the husk can see the life of things,
Can mark the inborn power from which there springs
The form, and in the ideal world behold
The truth of shades which are before us rolled
From realms of death; each perishable shade
A chain which doth the inward light invade!
Therefore I hold them guiltless whom the power
Of elevated thought found not, ere the hour
When elevation, like a mantle, fell
Upon mankind in Jewry; when to tell
The wondrous tale that through the clouds of death
We rise to truth and glory, which our breath
Blots from us,—Came the Eternal, and bowed down
To suffering and sorrow! We may own
Thus much and hurt no creed! Therefore they toiled
To harmonize with things of sense, and spoiled
Creation of its soul; which some induced
With strength, perchance from heaven, apart pursued
Unheeded by their kind, in woe and pain
Labouring, till the diadem did gain
Which good men wear! But we from light who win
Our being, whose life is light, no venial sin
Be sure admit, when with a careless sneer
We read the wondrous lines in which appear
The seeds of that surpassing harvest, given
To famished multitudes from gracious Heaven;
The dim, faint flashes of the day-spring nigh
While yet the east was dark! He thought as I,
And while with awe profound he traced the mind,
Checked in its loftiest flight by links which bind
The wisest men to earth, he saw the might
Of Heaven preserving through the Pagan night
Some pale, dim streaks of twilight; and revered
The ark which bore the precious freight, nor feared
To think him more than man to whom was shown
Such truth. And often when in lighter tone
His wearied mind sought rest, the tale he read
Of him, the Lydian hind, who won the bed
Of a proud queen, by the enchanted ring
He found in the earth, or of the isles which fling
Their dot-like peaks high through the Atlantic wave,
Which rolls in silence o'er the ocean-grave
Of a sunk continent; and oft in thought
Transported, he would ask, if there he sought
For virtue, he might find it? In the halls
O'er which the slimy ooze, and sea-weed crawls,
And in the temples where the water-snakes
Mock the rich fanes, and patient coral makes
His natural floor, blotting the art of man!
Thus for a while the even tenour ran
Of his pure days, fed from the eternal wells
Of poesy, whose lustrous fountain swells
Yet in his soul, for, as I think, he still
Remains what then he was, unchanged by ill.
At length the withering news were brought that death
Had struck his sire, and that the latest breath
Of the old man with anger had pursued
My offending comrade. Long he rued
In after life the arts by which impelled
The old misanthrope his gentle son expelled
From the paternal wealth. Now lone he stood
Amidst the world, most rich in the only good
Which never fails young hearts, in hope, but left
Of all but hope. The lands and house were left
To strangers. 'That the faith might be made strong
In worldly means'; and though this grievous wrong
Was by the law reversed, long time had fled
Ere to his home he came. But he being bred
Mid hardships till he loved them, this small cure
Accepted from a friend, on which secure
From want, in duty's loved pursuits he past
The golden-pinnioned hours. But at the last,
Said Ellen, he was married? You recall
My erring tale, I answered; and if all
The good which men may find on earth can be
Made tenfold dearer by the intensity
Of love, there is no ill which doth not breed
Increase, a thousand-fold when in our need
We look for love, and find hate: such, alas!
In manhood as in youth his fortune was!
'Twas at this time that I first fixed my home
In yonder village: then I loved to roam

As now, o'er hill and mead; and oft at set
Or golden break of day, together met,
We stood on peak and headland till his eyes
Ran o'er with joy at sight of earth and skies
Clothed in their wondrous beauty. With what joy
At times like these he marked the jocund boy
Who in ten thousand childish tricks express
The new-born happiness which filled his breast:
How kindly would he train my thought, to see
The wealth which science finds in rock and tree!
Then conjured by his art before my eyes
The dim earth-piercing palaces would rise;
Then sparkled with unearthly rays of light
Ice-fretted roofs, begemmed with stalactite;
And diamond-columned caverns 'neath the sea,
Built where the pearl and coral masons be,
Hung their cool roofs before me, bright with streams
Of scattered water-drops alive with beams
Which flung their starry splendour far and wide
Startling the darkness, while on every side
The sea-flowers wove soft wreaths, and living stone
Self-shaped appeared for nymph's or triton's throne!
Then wondrous tales he mixed of plant and flower:
Taught how the fruits which decked our autumn-bower
Had once been seeds, which on the wafting wind
Had floated the appointed bloom to find,
Within whose cradle rocked they slept away
The lagging hours till summer's genial ray
Awoke their life, and gave them power to spring
From their soft couch, the frail and fading thing
Which else in barren beauty must have past
A useless life. And when the rainbow cast
Its twined colours o'er the sky, he told
To my enchanted ears the story old
Of the devouring deluge, and the ark
Which o'er the boundless pool, a lone, frail bark
Bore all mankind; and of the wondrous pile
Which rose on Shinar, when with fruitless wile
Men thought to brave the Almighty. With such talk
This kind instructor filled our lonely walk;
And higher often mingled, when the stream,
The violet, or any common theme
In his most eloquent converse told a tale
Of loftiest import: then on the warm gale
The painted moth that floated was the sign
Of spirits tending to a sphere divine—
And thus the pleasant years went by.

DEATH OF THE AUSTRIAN GIRAFFE.

[The following account of this melancholy event is given in the leading article of a morning paper. We borrow it without any scruple; because, as there is no human being who does not read the *Gazette*, or at least ought not to read it, our readers will merely be presented a second time with intelligence and opinions which must now form a part of the national mind. The translations from the French journals, we beg leave to say, are all taken from that popular source; indeed, nothing but the classical purity which distinguishes that paper could justify so literal a version of French idioms.]

ON Monday evening an express was received from our ambassador at Vienna, announcing the melancholy intelligence of the death of the Giraffe, which was sent to the Emperor of Austria by our ally the present enlightened Pacha of Egypt. As we have always considered the donation of these animals to the three great potentates of Europe as an act which had an important influence on the balance of power, we are particularly sorry for an event which may give the ambitious Muscovite any hope of disturbing the equilibrium of Europe, and facilitating his unprincipled designs of aggrandizement at the expense of our ancient and valued allies, the Mussulmen. We should fear also, that this untoward event might tend to disturb the balance between the two remaining Giraffes. In the lamentable absence of a free press no accounts from Austria clear up the mystery of his fate. Surmises are numerous, and several of them have an air of probability; but it would be better to make the matter certain. Let our ministers direct Lord Cowley to demand a specific answer from the Emperor himself. The Emperor had better give us a straightforward answer. If he does not, if he trifles with us, he is not safe on his throne. Let him take warning—we have said it.

At a cabinet council, which was held immediately, and at which, in spite of all assertions to the contrary, we fearlessly maintain that ALL THE CABINET MINISTERS ATTENDED, it was determined that the news should be conveyed to the Giraffe at Windsor. Congeniality of intellectual construction pointed out Mr. — as the fittest medium of communication with an irrational being: and that eminent statesman discharged the task with his usual address. The interesting foreigner received the news with the most exemplary resignation, and consoled himself after his accustomed manner, by eating some gingerbread-nuts. From what we could collect, he entertained no alarm respecting his own fate, and appeared fully sensible of the superior advantage which he enjoyed in living under a constitutional government.

Our volatile neighbours, the French, appear to have been much excited by the news, as will appear from the following extracts from the Paris papers just received:

EXTRACTS FROM THE FRENCH PAPERS.

(*Messenger des Chambres.*)

'JULY 3rd.—We insert the following advices from Vienna:

'VIENNA, JUNE 19th.—They say the Giraffe which has long been in a very delicate state of health, is in great danger. Strict orders have been issued to prevent any conversation on the subject. It is said that something unexpected will transpire.'

'JUNE 20th.—Yesterday there was a meeting of the court physicians, at Schönbrunn. The result was by no means calculated to still the alarm entertained respecting the health of the Giraffe. Couriers were sent off to the commanders of the Hungarian regiments in Italy.'

'JUNE 22nd.—The Crown Prince demanded admission, yesterday, to the sick-bed of the Giraffe. Will you believe it? He was refused. Metternich's audacity is inconceivable.'

'JUNE 23rd.—The dreadful news is no longer a secret.—The Giraffe is dead. Several arrests have taken place in consequence. It is rumoured that the fatal event took place on Saturday, and has been kept secret in order to further some intrigues of Metternich. What effect will this unexpected catastrophe have on our relations with the Pacha?

(*Gazette de France.*)

'JULY 3rd.—The secret conspiracy, which by its dark machinations prepares the overthrow of the altar and throne, has consummated another crisis of the infernal tragedy! Another victim is fallen! Another martyr swells the bloody list of the holocausts of Liberalism! The Giraffe of Austria is dead! A strict silence is preserved respecting the cause of this catastrophe. Some rumours have even dared to point out the illustrious Metternich as the assassin. Where will the insolence of these scelerates stop? But it is vain for the bravoes of a desperate cause to trust in the confusion of mind caused by the mist of falsehood which they have raised. The authors of this crime are known. Let them tremble! for Europe shall know that the infernal agents of an imbecile administration, which tarnishes the honour of the descendants of St. Louis, have perpetrated a foul murder, in order to accustom the *canaille* to deeds of blood, and prepare the subversion of all monarchy and religion.'

(*Constitutionnel.*)

'JULY 4th.—Chamber of Deputies. Presidency of M. Royer Collard.

'The discussion of the supply of the Navy was resumed. Several speakers having delivered their sentiments,

'The PRESIDENT said.—The minister of the Interior demands the parole. (*Strong sensation.*)

'M. MARTIGNAC.—Penetrated with the most profound grief, I announce to you a fatal event. The rumours which have agitated the civilized world are but too true. The Ambassador of Austria has announced the death of the Imperial Giraffe.

(*Murmurs of grief.*—M. Martignac bursts into tears.—All the members rise.—The Chamber presents an animated spectacle for a quarter of an hour.—Several deputies rush up to M. Roy.—"M. Portalis is absent."—The right of the left section of the centre right preserve an immovable aspect.—M. Benjamin Constant goes out to put on his costume.—The

noise subsides.—A morne silence prevails for eight minutes.

M. ROYER COLLARD.—The Minister of the Interior will resume his report.

M. MARTIGNAC.—Yes, Messieurs, you feel as I expected. The expression of your sentiments does not impair the dignity of the Chamber. (*Bravo!*) But it does not agitate itself here of regretting irremediable evils. It is necessary to take measures for the future. (*Prolonged bravos.*) We must recollect that we too have a Giraffe: and that we must preserve the links which bind us to the rulers of Egypt. (*Bravos on the right. A voice from the extreme left.—“M. the Minister is a Turk in heart.”*) When the enlightened Pacha of Egypt determined to amalgamate the Mussulman character with the civilization of Europe, he sent three Giraffes to Europe. He honoured with these rare presents the illustrious houses of Hohenzollern, of Guelph, and of Bourbon. An unexpected visitation has deprived the descendant of Rudolph of Hapsburg, of the sacred consolation of administering the rites of hospitality to an illustrious stranger. It would be wicked for us to conceal the news that we have received from the Cabinet of St. James's.—(*Strong sensation.*) The air of Windsor has affected a constitution which nature had adapted to an African temperature. The Giraffe of England has experienced debilitation of knees from the British malady of the country. Yes, Messieurs, he has the gout, the *effrayable* gout—and he has shown a strong *penchant* for suicide.

Several voices from the right.—Aha! Messieurs les Anglomanes! voilà les effets d'une Constitution!

M. KERATRY.—Non, non—c'est le droit d'aïnesse! (*Bravo!*)

M. MARTIGNAC.—What then must be done? I hear you anticipate my reply. Every thing must be done, Messieurs, to preserve the honour of France, and console the descendant of the great St. Louis. The supply of biscuits for the Giraffe is not sufficient. (*Murmurs.*) I assure you such is the case. Let us increase it; and though we may thereby make a temporary addition to the burdens of the nation, I trust to the liberality of the Grand Nation, which has always prided itself on setting an example to Christendom of the generous discharge of the sacred functions of hospitality towards the distinguished strangers who have visited its shores, and thereby extended its renown to the furthest extremities of time and space.

(*This peroration of the minister excited a deep feeling. Fifty-seven deputies rush to the tribune. A scene of confusion ensues.*)

THE PRESIDENT.—M. Syriens de Marinahac has the parole.

M. S. de M.—Ah! my God! I have not my costume. I will speak without it.

THE PRESIDENT.—M. de Marinahac I call you to order. The law forbids you to speak in an improper dress. The law must be respected. *Le Général* has the parole.

LE GENERAL.—I invoke the names of justice, of glory, and of France. (*Deep attention.*) The sighs of the veterans who have covered themselves with wounds and laurels accuse us of inattention to the honour of Frenchmen. Yes, Messieurs, my heart is torn with unutterable anguish when I utter the mournful words which truth sends forth from my bosom.—The honour of France is tarnished.

(*Loud cries of yes! yes! from all parts.—and “It is the imbecile ministry which has done it.”*)

M. le GENERAL.—No, Messieurs, it is not the ministry. Truth reigning eternal in my heart compels me to say it is yourselves. (*Deep sensation.*) It is you who have pulled down your country, from the high station to which it was raised by the immortal Napoleon.

(*No! No! He was a tyrant, a regicide.*)

M. le GENERAL.—I know Messieurs, that I tread on dangerous ground; but truth compels me to do justice to the shade of a great hero. He would not have turned a deaf ear to the sighs of his invincible soldiers. What would he have done? Can you doubt, Messieurs, to what he would have been impelled by his love of glory, of humanity, and of science? That great man wished to raise France to the pinnacle of glory. He wished to make it the only repository of science. He wished to bring to a common theatre all the noble monuments of art and na-

ture, which chance had scattered among nations which were unworthy of them. Can you doubt, then, what that great hero would have done? Can you doubt that he would have demanded the giraffes from Austria and the proud islanders? Can you suppose that, if madness had led to a refusal of his just demands, he would have hesitated to vindicate the national honour by arms? He would have led forth his legions, his invincible legions, to the field of honour. The eagles of France would have spread their victorious wings on the banks of the Danube and the Thames. Ten million deeds of heroism would have honoured human nature;—a million warriors would have inscribed their glorious names on the book of honourable death;—a thousand fields would have been rendered illustrious in the page of history by as many sanguinary triumphs;—and millions of families would have had the sweet regret of mourning their heroic brothers and parents, who had sacrificed their lives for the honour of France. Doubtless, the rare genius of that hero would have been again triumphant. Doubtless, the leopard and the black eagle would have crouched before him, and yielded the beautiful beasts of Africa to the moral influence of victory. The citizen would reflect on the glory of his country when he looked on the living trophies in the Jardin des Plantes, and the trumpet of fame.—Ah! Messieurs! what have we not lost in the loss of a hero! That his name may be blest by the people whom he honoured, and the veterans whom he led to victory! That his bright example may be imitated by a degenerate people! It is not yet too late. I propose war with Austria in order to administer some consolation to the wounded honour of our country, and vindicate the outraged feelings of Europe, Christendom, and Natural History. (*The Chamber is stupified with admiration. Murmurs of applause burst out.*)

M. SYRIENS DE MARINAHAC.—Yes, I perceive it. In the accents of the honourable deputy, in the words of M. the Minister, in the reiterated bravos of twodesperate factions, I hear the tones of anarchy—the distant mutterings of the counter-revolution—

Voices from the left.—Aha! always the counter-revolution!

Voices from the right.—Bravo! Bravo!

From all parts cries of “Question! Question! Aux Voix!”

M. S. de M.—I speak to the question—

Voices from the left.—No, no! What is the question?

M. S. de M.—The question is, whether we shall respect the king and religion—

Voices from the right.—Yes, yes! bravo! live religion.

Some on the left.—No, no! that is not the question. It is you who dishonour religion, and endanger the monarchy.

M. S. de M.—No, scélérats of liberality, it is you. I speak to the question—what is the question?

From the left.—Aha! the Jesuit! he does not know.

A deputy.—It is the war with Austria! (*Cries of Aux Voix.*)

Another.—No! it agitates itself of the Marine. (*Aux Voix.*)

Another.—No, no! it rolls on the Catholic religion. (*Aux Voix.*)

Another.—No, no! it is the king! the giraffe! (*Aux Voix.*)

Several others.—No! it is the charter. (*Cries of Vive la Charte.*)

(*M. Charles Dupin rushes to the tribune. M. S. de Marinahac tries to keep him out, and exerts force. Blows of fist interchange themselves. Seven or eight ultras pull M. Dupin by the skirts of the coat. A dozen liberal deputies endeavour to pull M. S. de Marinahac out of the tribune by the collar. The President agitates his bell.*)

Cries of “Order!” “respect the President!”

From the right.—No! he is an atheist, a liberal!

M. S. de Marinahac.—Messieurs, the sacred cause of religion.—

MR. C. DUPIN.—The increase of knowledge and liberty—

From the right.—Down with knowledge and liberty!

A liberal Deputy to M. S. de Marinahac.—You are an ultra, a beast, a slave, a Jesuit, one condemned to the galleys, (força.)

A royalist Deputy to M. C. Dupin.—Aha! atheist! liberal! traitor! scelerat! thief! incendiary! assassin! one condemned to be broken on the wheel! (*roué.*)

M. the PRESIDENT.—Behold words which it seems to me are a little strong! Messieurs, recollect the dignity of the Chamber.—

No! no! you are a liberal! an ultra! unjust!

(*The tumult is at its height. All the members beat themselves. The question of adjournment is put and carried. The sitting is closed.*)

We are sorry to see that our neighbours understand liberty so little. Their infidelity and ferocious democracy are exhibited in their lavish abuse of our happy island, and their admiration of the cowardly tyrannical Corsican whom we beat at Waterloo. Why their deputies set to a-beating themselves at last (we cannot misunderstand *“se battent”*) seems rather inexplicable. If they wanted a beating, they might easily get it by a little more insolence to us. The victor of Waterloo will not tarnish in the cabinet the honours he has gained in fields of blood. We have still the gallant fellows who beat ten times the number of the *invincible heroes*, and the moral superiority which those who live on beef and ale must always have over those who get nothing but frogs and vinegar.

TIMBUCTOO.

THE Swedish Consul at Tripoly, M. Graberg de Hemso, justly presuming that the result of the inquiries respecting Timbuctoo, of a person who, like himself, had resided so many years in Morocco and Tripoly, would be interesting to European readers, has addressed a paper on the subject to a friend at Florence, who procured its insertion in the ‘Antologia’ of January last. Mr. Hemso first examines the etymology and pronunciation of the name of the city, and seems to doubt the correctness of those who have derived it from *Tim*, a dwelling, and *Buctu*, which, in the language of the country, is the proper name of a woman, from whence it is inferred that the place took its name from some female of great celebrity among the Africans of the Interior. To this, Mr. Hemso objects that in his frequent intercourse with Moorish and Arab inhabitants of the interior of Africa, he had never met with one who could give him any account of the existence or history of such a personage. So far is certain, he says, that the Arabs pronounce the name Tun-buk-tu, and have done so at least since the fourteenth century; for the celebrated African traveller of that epoch, Mohammed Ibn Battuta, has expressly remarked that the first syllable of the word consists of the consonant Ta T, and the vowel Dhomma U, and that it is pronounced tun and not tin.

The population of Timbuctoo, says Mr. Hemso, cannot exceed 100,000 souls. Abd-es-Salam Schiabini, who visited the city about forty years ago, estimates the number of inhabitants at 50,000; later travellers reckon it considerably less. A merchant of Gadama, who has made several journeys to the city, who possesses houses, wives, and slaves there, and who has himself at times dwelt a whole year in the city, positively affirms that the population is not greater than that of Tripoly. In this, however, he is supposed to comprise only the natives and residents, and it is inferred that the number of inhabitants is much greater at the periods when Timbuctoo is filled by the caravans which flock thither, at certain seasons, from all parts of Africa.

There appears to be no doubt that the government of Timbuctoo was independent, and vested in the hands of the native negroes and pagans until it was subdued by the Fellatas, a new warlike nation, which at present acts a conspicuous part in central Africa. When Schiabini made his journey, he found Timbuctoo a dependancy on Houssa. At a later period it was under subjection to the King of Bambarra.

The Dscholiba (Joliba), or the Nile of the Negroes, does not flow by Timbuctoo. The celebrated traveller, Ibn Battuta, had already determined this point so early as the beginning of the fourteenth century. Another river, however, which, in the lan-

guage of the natives, is called Guin, passes near the city in its course, and falls afterwards into the Joliba.

Timbuctoo is not surrounded with walls, nor does it appear that the city ever had walls. The houses are constructed merely of a single story, and are wholly devoid of regularity and symmetry. The Mahometans dwell in suburbs of their own, and were not allowed to settle in the town.

The account of Benjamin Rose, says M. Hemso, as is remarked by Mr. Dupuis, is the best yet given of this city, although the author of it had never visited Timbuctoo himself, but had derived the materials of his description from frequent communication with those who had been there. Some, perhaps, he adds, may justly give the preference to that of Schiabini, the succinct brevity of which deserves more credit.

The dominant religion in Timbuctoo was paganism, a few years ago, and Mr. Hemso expresses a doubt whether the Fellatas have so soon accomplished the establishment of the laws of the prophet in its place. The women of Timbuctoo, according to M. Hemso, are in general handsome, and seem to enjoy the most perfect liberty. Schiabini positively affirms that this is the case, and he is corroborated by the personal testimony of a living witness, the merchant of Gadama, already mentioned. Mr. Hemso concludes his account by saying that his esteemed friend, Major Laing, was certainly the first European traveller who had succeeded in reaching Timbuctoo.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.

ONCE more 'Cenerentola!' There is something so exquisitely agreeable in this opera, that we can never witness it without being put in good humour, nor think of it without being inclined to prattle about it. Therefore, although it has already been the theme of our criticism more than once this season, we cannot resist the temptation of saying one or two final words, to serve as prompts to our memory when the season shall be over.

The excellence of this representation arises from a combination of those three stars, Mademoiselle Sontag, Signori Zuchelli, and Donzelli. The failure is the substitution of Galli for a singer of more comic and versatile temper. The part of Dandini, though not so agile and lively as the average of buffo characters, nevertheless requires a sedate humour, a compressed and half dignified absurdity, which Signor Galli is utterly without. He may improve, he has improved in the articulation of the music, but he cannot become an actor, unless it be of serious parts. Our praise has been lavished on Zuchelli's Don Magnifico *usque ad nauseam*. It is, however, so completely his masterpiece in comedy, that some stress may be laid upon it, and be excused. The commencement of the air, 'Miei rampolli femminini,' actually teems with richness of comic expression; and although, perhaps, there is something like a comparative weakness towards its close, yet there is exhibited throughout sufficient force and nicety of execution to set this singer at the head of his bass fraternity. We have seen the scene between him and Dandini, in which the discovery is made of the cheat put upon him, so much better filled out by Pellegrini than by Signor Galli, that a sense of disappointment unavoidably steals upon us despite our excessive admiration of one of the principals in it, and no mean approval of the other. The impatience of the Baron to know the destiny of his daughters,—the tantalising delay of the satisfaction required,—the gradual perception of the plot, and his aristocratic disdain of the fellow whom he just crouched to as a sovereign prince,—this was capital, and cannot fail to be long remembered. His share in the concerted pieces is effective as usual; and this reminds us of the 'true prince' and his sweet lady love, whose celebrity in their respective parts is assuredly not undeserved. The former supports the interest of an *amorous*, with a most gallant bearing; and it puzzles us to think

why 'instinct' should not have detected him, according to Falstaff's code, much earlier than he is really undisguised. But for Cenerentola, how wise and happy a monarch was he, who could steal such a one from her dust and cinders! The singing of Mademoiselle Sontag is more liquid and silvery than ever. From the simplicity of 'Una volta c'era un Re,' to the flowery ornament of 'Non piu mesta accanto al fuoco,' the intermediate styles, as well as the extremes, are most true in point of tone and expression, most delicious in sentiment, most wonderful in execution. And then her portion of the quintett, 'Nel volto estatico,' and of the sestett, 'Questo è un nodo avviluppato,' what can be more masterly, more prominent without destroying the unity of the whole, more marked without becoming ostentatious? In the first, we never remember any thing sweeter than her falling into the air, and leading it in the high regions of her voice, a glittering beacon to the others, as they accompanied her along the more terrestrial levels. Into the harmony, complicated as it is, of the sestett, her voice winds and flies along with the utmost certainty, and lightness, and beauty. It resembles the casual bits of sunshine floating here and there on a wavy sea, beneath the uncertainties of a cloudy autumnal sky. Bright and lovely indeed is the display of so much purity in style, mingled with such vigour of organic power. On Cenerentola her fame may well be rested, without going further or higher.

English Opera House.

'The Sister of Charity,' a new melo-drame produced at this theatre, on Thursday, was completely successful. It seemed to have been written expressly to bring into contrast the opposite powers of those two admirable performers, Keeley and Miss Kelly; and to those who remember the 'Noyades,' and 'The Sergeant's Wife,' of last season, composed exactly on the same principle, it will be sufficient to say, that 'The Sister of Charity' is as good, if not better, than its predecessors of last year, and its effect equally confounding to the feelings of the audience. People are obliged, indeed, to laugh with one eye and cry with the other; and to observe this conflict of smiles and tears, on the countenance of a pretty neighbour, is almost as interesting as the performance itself. It is owing to the excellent management of Keeley, and his very quiet and subdued style of humour, that the two feelings are made to harmonize rather than clash with each other. The following instance will illustrate this strongly, and serve at the same time, with one or two additional circumstances, to tell the story. An officer of a party of Austrians, demands of Paulo, a peasant, (Keeley) why he has intruded himself so near his lines; he answers, 'Why, Sir, if it please your honour, I came to see my sister Nannetta the poor girl who was taken prisoner by your brave soldiers for carrying bread to the starving smugglers, led out to be shot, at twelve o'clock, to the minute.' The tragic tone of mimicry in which the last words are pronounced, is irresistible in two ways at once. Sister Ursula, a nun, the reputed sister of Nannetta, but in fact her mother by an Austrian of rank, whom she has not seen for seventeen years, recognizes in Captain Weimar, one of the officers of the Austrian detachment, her seducer, and the father of the unfortunate girl who has been condemned to almost immediate execution. This character is of course personated by Miss Kelly, and in a powerfully affecting scene, she discovers herself to Weimar, for the purpose of obtaining his interference on behalf of their child. After a vain attempt to move the sternness of his superior officer, who will only grant him an hour's respite, Weimar sets out to obtain a pardon, in that interval, from head-quarters. In the meantime Sister Ursula obtains an interview with the prisoner; prevails upon her to escape disguised in the nun's dress, and remains for execution in her stead. While this has been doing, Paulo, having eluded the vigilance of a sentinel, by a most comical ruse de guerre reaches the smugglers, whose hiding-place was inclosed by the Austrian lines, and leading

them down from the hills by an unknown path, secures the person of the Austrian commander, who had taken up his quarters in Paulo's cottage. This inflexible worthy being compelled to write a warrant of reprieve, in a language which the peasants do not understand, commands the instant execution of the party who bring it. These are Nannetta and her lover, one of the smugglers, who arrive just in time to save Ursula's life at the sacrifice of their own. In a heart-rending scene, where the soldiers endeavour to separate Ursula and her child, the moments are protracted until the arrival of Weimar, whom accidents had delayed, with a pardon.

It will be seen, from this imperfect outline, that there are several situations peculiarly suited to the exhibition of Miss Kelly's powers; and though the language of the piece is by no means eloquent of itself, still it is sufficiently simple and unaffected to become, in the utterance of Miss K., eloquent and affecting to the last degree. The most striking situation was the one which, in any other hands, would have appeared too common-place to listen to at all; it was where with difficulty she prevails on Nannetta to escape in her dress, and afterwards from a window of the prison watches her faltering departure beyond the line of sentinels. It is even better on the whole than a scene it reminded us of in the 'Sergeant's Wife,' which we remember was almost too horrible and blood-chilling for a mind the most melo-dramatically disposed. There is certainly nothing on the English stage, and in the absence of Pasta, nothing in England, to be compared with the talent and exertions of this inimitable tragic actress; and the English Opera House will be long endeared to our recollections, as the theatre she has particularly chosen for their display.

It would be the greatest injustice not to notice Miss H. Cawson's performance of Nannetta; she sung her little song 'I won't be a Nun,' admirably, and was throughout as interesting as she could possibly be in the presence of Miss Kelly.

Another piece was brought out at this theatre in the beginning of the week, under the title of 'The Middle Temple, a new Comic Operetta.' We understand it is by no means new, though we confess never to have seen it before; we can answer for it also, that it is not an Operetta; yet, it certainly does justify the appellation of comic. In this regard, we need scarce say more for it than that two of the characters are played by that merry little couple, Keeley and his bride, (late Miss Goward); who indeed are the life and soul of all the comic entertainments at this theatre. We think, indeed, the manager scarcely acts fairly by Keeley, to work him so hard as he does at present: he bore a prominent part in all the three performances of Friday, and being encored in a dance in the Middle Temple, the poor little man was obliged to appeal to the humanity of the audience by saying 'he had done a great deal already that evening, and had a great deal more left to do,' which to those who took all the circumstances into consideration, seemed a much more comical speech than any in the 'New Comic Operetta.' It succeeds, however, and deservedly.

Haymarket.

A new piece, in one act, was brought out here on Thursday, called 'Manœuvring,' translated or taken (whichever the term may be) by Mr. Planché, from a French piece with a similar title, 'Le Diplomate.' The plot is common-place, and otherwise very bad; the dialogue tolerably well written; the acting altogether good; but the reception the whole met with much better than either the composition or the acting deserved. A mischievous valet outwitting a cautious old gentleman on behalf of an imprudent young one, with a lady strictly guarded by one party and to be won by the stratagems of the other, is a subject which seems to have been universally interesting from the days of Menander down to the present, but on which we conceive every possible combination of incidents has been long since exhausted.

Yet such is the story of Mr. Planché's new piece, and such are four out of the five characters which kept the audience of the Haymarket in good humour on Thursday, notwithstanding the re-action of two other 'weary, stale, flat, and (we should hope) unprofitable' pieces which wore out the remainder of the evening. It is a lamentable state of things at our theatres, when we are obliged to seize with avidity such slender opportunities of giving vent to our cheerfulness and hearty disposition to laugh. To say that Cooper surpassed himself as the Count de Villa Mayor, the gentleman to be deceived, is hardly praising him sufficiently on this occasion. Vining was also good as Finesse, the Figaro of the piece; but the person who did most in redeeming us from melancholy was Mrs. Humby, in the character of a pretty (very pretty) but selfish and intriguing milliner, who almost persuaded us by her excellent acting (we suppose) that her part was really a well-drawn one, and characteristic of that class of her sex which she represented. A Mr. Brindall (whom we never saw before) played the part of a young gentleman in what we thought at first a gentlemanlike manner; but we find that though very easy to act the gentleman in looking angry or surprised, it is a matter of much more difficulty to look happy and pleased as a gentleman should do; accordingly, the repeated vows of Frederick to his fair one and her father on the consummation of his hopes, betrayed him to be no adept in that way. Mrs. Ashton, having nothing to do but look pretty, played her part indifferently well.

FOREIGN PLAYS IN PARIS.

A PROJECT is said to be in agitation in Paris, for the formation of a joint establishment for representations in the English, German, Italian, and Spanish languages. As to the performances of the three first of these tongues, no great difficulty seems to present itself: actors are probably more likely to be found than audiences; but whence a Spanish company is to be procured, we confess ourselves at a loss to divine. In the Peninsula itself, even tolerable performers are exceedingly rare: the profession is still regarded as vile, and is only followed by persons devoid of family-respectability, and education. The only three whom we can think of, who have appeared in our days at all likely to attract an audience in such cities as Paris or London, are now either dead or incapacitated. These are Rita Luna, Maiquez, and Querol. The last was an excellent enactor of what, in the language of the country, are called the *gracioso* parts, humorous characters, valets, buffoons, &c.: he died in harness a few years since, at a very advanced age, and exciting to the last the admiration and applause of his countrymen. Maiquez was tragic, and was eminent in the high characters of the old Spanish plays. He was a man of very low extraction, but was considered in Madrid an excellent performer. The humbleness of his condition, or the low estimation in which men of his calling are held in Spain, did not shield him from the tyranny to which all ranks and classes have fallen victims in that distracted country. Suspected of liberal principles, he became an object of jealousy and persecution to King Ferdinand, and was banished from the capital. Under this infliction he died, some time between the first restoration and the proclamation of the constitution. Rita Luna was a female actress of extraordinary natural genius. Her excellence also consisted in the representation of the heroic characters of the old Spanish plays. Her powers were entirely derived from herself: she could neither read nor write; and in order to learn what she had to declaim, was obliged to have her parts read or repeated to her. She was living three years ago, but retired from the stage in consequence of old age. We have not since heard of her death.

The representation of Spanish musical pieces forms, we conclude, no part whatever of the scheme of the Parisian projectors. Any thing like theatrical music from Spain must be despaired of, so long

as the present state of things exists. It is well known, that all eminent composers are monopolized by the clergy to write church music: they are paid the best prices, but are laid under strict injunctions not to engage in the composition of any thing *profane*.

DIMENSIONS OF THEATRES.

THE following dimensions of several of the principal theatres of Europe may be fully relied on: they are from original measurements, with which we have been favoured by an artist of acknowledged talents. We doubt not that they will afford acceptable information to our readers:

	Naples Teatro S. Carlo.	Milan Teatro alla Scala.	London Covent- garden Theatre.
	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.
Depth from the front of the stage to the back of the pit	79 4½	77 5	52 9
Depth of the pit	68 6½	64 7	44 3
Depth from the scenic aperture to the back of the pit	99 1½	96 5	63 5
Greatest breadth of the pit	75 0½	71 5	51 0
Breadth of the scenic aperture	51 9½	50 2	38 4½
N. B. At Covent-garden Theatre this aperture, on ordinary occasions, is diminished more than two feet on each side by a sliding pilaster; no such contrivance exists in the other theatres.			
Breadth at the front of the stage	53 10	54 8	42 9½
Breadth of the stage behind the scenes	115 0	121 3	
Depth of the stage	147 8	149 5	
Total area from the scenic aperture to the back of the pit	Sq. feet. 6068	Sq. ft. 5701	Sq. Ft. 2772

At S. Carlo there are six complete tiers of boxes, each tier containing thirty-two boxes.

The boxes are each six feet nine inches wide.

At La Scala there are six complete tiers of boxes, each tier containing forty-one boxes.

The boxes are each five feet wide.

At Covent-garden there are twenty-eight boxes in each tier.

The largest theatre in Europe, however, is that at Parma, which, according to the estimate of the Ciceroni, of that city, is capable of holding 9000 spectators. It is no longer used.

The following are its exact dimensions, furnished us from the same quarter, to which we are indebted for the particulars above given of the other theatres:

GREAT THEATRE AT PARMA.		Ft. In.
Depth from the front of the stage to the back of the pit		152 7½
There is no proscenium.		
Breadth of the pit		90 3
Breadth of the scenic aperture		40 0
Depth of the stage		125 4

FINE ARTS.

Portrait of His Majesty in the Robes of the Garter; engraved on Steel by Mr. Hodgetts, from the Original Picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A. Colnaghi. London.

THE picture from which this engraving is taken is one of the most successful efforts of Sir Thomas Lawrence in the art of portrait painting: it is one of those performances, in short, in which the talent of conveying a faithful likeness is very happily united with the exercise of the imagination to produce a good picture without the sacrifice of personal identity. It is, in fact, the historical portrait of the present King; that resemblance of his Majesty, in which posterity, when they shall read, as they doubtless will do, that George IV. was the most polished and the handsomest prince of his day, will find a full corroboration of the record of the historian. Nor is it to the United Kingdom only that this splendid portrait will have preserved the memory of the lineaments of his Majesty: numerous repe-

titions have been made of the picture, to be presented to several crowned heads; and it is one of these repetitions which, having been transmitted by the King to Pope Pius VII., has an honourable place in the august Museum of the Vatican.

The particular painting, however, from which the engraving we are noticing is taken, is that expressly executed at the King's command, for the city of Dublin, and the publication of the engraving, at this moment of concession by his Majesty to his Catholic subjects of the sister kingdom, of a boon so ardently desired, and which had been in vain implored from his predecessors, is exceedingly politic and well timed.

Mr. Hodgetts, in the engraving, seems to have been influenced by an equal *con amore* feeling to that which inspired the pencil of the painter. The plate is most splendid, bright, and expressive; the drapery is executed in most effective style, full of powerful contrast; the figure is elegant and noble, and the head beaming with life and animation, and the gracious affability of a happy monarch. As the original is a master-piece in portrait painting, so is the plate a triumph in mezzotinto engraving.

SALE OF THE DRAWINGS OF THE LATE MR. BONINGTON.

AMONG the most interesting occurrences connected with the fine arts, which have happened during the present season, was the sale, last week, of the pictures, sketches, and drawings of the late promising artist, R. P. Bonington. The sale produced, altogether, upwards of £2250, and the avidity which was shown to possess the simplest works left by the deceased, and the prices to which his least important productions were raised by competition are quite remarkable. In most cases, no doubt, this eagerness originated in a true love of art and a well-founded admiration of whatever is excellent; in some, however, it too evidently proceeded from a less worthy motive, from affectation or caprice, or the mere blind desire to follow the fashion; for, on what other principle can it be explained, that the mere tracings of this artist, as memoranda or studies for his own use, and which might have been made just as well by any body else as by himself, were anxiously bid for, and run up to an extravagant price.

Among the most extraordinary, but, at the same time, most legitimate sums given for drawings, was that of £26. 10s. for a pencil and chalk view of the 'Ecole des Arts, Paris.' The drawing, however, was exceedingly clever and spirited, and, under all circumstances, well deserved the price at which it was knocked down. The painting in oil, which attracted so much attention in the exhibition last year, where it received very great and merited applause, 'Henry III. of France, receiving the Spanish Ambassadors,' was bought in at £84—a large sum, certainly, were the dimensions of the picture to be taken into consideration in such a case. The other pictures, for which the highest prices were given, were the 'Views of the Maffei Palace in Verona,' in oil, £73. 13s. 6d.; 'Part of Genoa and the Bay,' an oil sketch, £31; pencil sketch, 'View of Abbeville,' on coloured paper, £20; 'Mother and Child at Prayer,' cabinet picture, in oil, £105; 'Picture from Quentin Durward,' also in oil, £14. 10s. The Marquis of Lansdowne and Sir Thomas Lawrence were among the company present, and purchased largely.

NEW MUSIC.

'Oh, can I think of Days gone by,' as sung by Signor Velluti, written composed, and dedicated to him, by Thomas Welsh. Harmonic Institution.

THIS ballad has attracted considerable notice, as being the first English song publicly performed by Velluti. It presents a familiar, quiet, and unpretending melody, written (with the exception of the embellishments) within the very limited number of only eight notes, the E on the first line and fourth space, and is, therefore, easy to be compassed by

almost any voice. It consists of but one brief verse, each strain being written twice. A second verse might with great propriety be added to it.

Here's celebrated Quadrilles, including the admired Gallopade Cotillon, and the favourite Marucha, as danced at Almack's and the Nobility's Balls, composed, arranged, and respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Della Reive, by Joseph Hart. Mayhew and Co.

THESE beautiful airs, in the original edition of Hertz, are difficult of execution, diffuse in their arrangement, (all the various strains necessary for dancing to as a quadrille being written out at full length,) and requiring a piano forte with the higher additional keys up to F. Hart has, therefore, simplified them, has brought them down to the level of his former arrangements, and rendered them more tangible for the multitude; but, like all abbreviated works, they are any thing but improved by his adaptation. However, they are much easier to be understood and performed, and may, therefore, be more generally useful.

'The Archer Boy,' the celebrated Cavatina, sung by Miss Love, in the historical play, 'The Partisans,' performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane; written by Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson, composed by John Barnett. Barnett and Co.

A VERY pleasing and interesting trifle, quite in Barnett's best style of playful writing: extremely easy to be sung, the highest note being only E in the fourth space, and the lowest C below the staff; thus suitable to voices of low and moderate compass. It is an *allegretto scherzosamente*, in G, 3/4 time, much resembling in character Barnett's popular airs, 'The Light Guitar,' and 'Rise gentle Moon;' and, as sung by Miss Love in the drama, is very pleasing, and (we believe) was always encored.

Bochs's Rondo, (a la Russe), arranged for the Piano Forte, and dedicated to Mr. W. S. Conran, of Dublin, by Augustus Meves. Cramer and Co.

A GAY, cheerful, and characteristic rondo vivace, in A, so much in the manner of Meves, that we should not have imagined it a mere adaptation.

'Gems à la Masaniello,' a Fantasia for the Piano Forte, in which are introduced the most admired Subjects from Auber's celebrated opera, 'La Muette de Portici,' by T. A. Rowlings. T. Welch.

A CLEVER, well-imagined, and brilliant effusion, possessing the most desirable qualifications of being shewy and pleasing without difficulty. A *moderato e maestoso*, by way of *introduzione*, (of two pages in the key of E flat), precedes the 'Choeur du Marche;' this, by an appropriate cadence, leads into the very beautiful andante, 'Saint bien heureux;' and 'The Tarantelle (in G minor and major) is followed by the favourite 'Barcarolle,' (also in E flat), as a finale. The whole presents a very desirable, interesting, and brief piano forte piece, of excellent pretensions.

No. 3 of Twelve Italian Fantasias, Concertante, for the Flute and Piano Forte, composed by Raphael Dressler. Cocks and Co.

THIS third Number is arranged upon the admired airs, 'Buona Notte,' and Mozart's 'La mia Dora-bella,' from his 'Cosi fan tutte,' and is equal in attractions to the former numbers of this pleasing work, (noticed in 'The Athenæum,' Nos. 69 and 83.) It is dedicated to Edmund Chambers, Esq., and published by Dressler, as his op. 74.

No. 2 of National Melodies, with Variations, for the Harp, composed by N. B. Challoner. Mayhew and Co.

THE Tyrolean air, 'Der Schweizerbue,' or 'The Swiss Boy,' with neat, familiar, and appropriate variations, expressly arranged for the harp, and written in the proper time, 4-8. After four pleasing and not difficult variations, an episode in the Sav-dominant of the key, leads ingeniously into one of

the most admired Swiss melodies, performing by Madame Stockhausen, and known as 'The Swiss Drover Boy of Appenzell;' this is followed by a short Waltz Scherzo Allegretto, as a finale; and the whole adaptation must be exceedingly desirable to a performer upon the harp of but moderate practice and acquirements, although it is by no means a puerile or trifling production.

The two favourite Barcarolles, and the Tarantula, from the admired Opera, 'Masaniello, ou La Muette de Portici,' arranged for the Piano Forte, with an Accompaniment (ad lib.) for the Flute; composed by D. F. E. Auber. Paine and Hopkins.

THIS appears to be an extract from some French edition, and is by no means so good an arrangement as we have before met with: at the same time, perhaps, there is no other publication in which is presented the three favourite dance tunes exclusively.

SOCIETY FOR SUPERSEDING THE NECESSITY OF CLIMBING BOYS FOR SWEEPING CHIMNEYS.

To effect the entire abolition of the cruel custom, of employing climbing-boys in chimney-sweeping, nothing more, we are persuaded, is required than to create a public conviction of the existence of some practicable and efficacious plan by which the necessity for having recourse to it may be avoided. It is with sincere satisfaction, therefore, that we read the last Report (the fourteenth) of the Society which has been formed with the view of super-seding the use of climbing boys, and that we observe the progress lately made towards the attainment of the object of this excellent association. By the Report alluded to, we find that such an improvement has been effected in the machine for sweeping chimneys, invented under the auspices of the Society, that there are now very few cases in which it will not operate with complete success. The instrument so improved, has been submitted to the Surveyor of the Board of Works, and on the strength of a favourable written Report on it from him, a document, which is included in the appendix to the Report published by the Society, and through the influence of Mr. Secretary Peel, it has been adopted in the public offices, and by order of the Lord Chamberlain, in the royal palaces. The Annual Report of the Society contains, moreover, numerous testimonies to the effectual operation of the machine from various parts of the kingdom. It now seems to rest with the public, therefore, to complete the good work which has been so charitably and judiciously commenced. All that is required for this purpose is, that individual householders should insist on the use of the machine in the cleansing of their own chimneys, whatever objections servants or master-sweeps may raise against it. The latter are generally hostile to the improvement, because the employment of the machine demands a little more personal trouble, or a trifling additional expenditure on their parts; the management of it requires either the attendance of the master himself, or at least, of older and stronger boys than those who now generally perform the office; hence the charge of wages falls somewhat heavier. The present prices, however, are a fair remuneration for the labour of cleansing chimneys by machinery; and for the purpose of ensuring to individuals the opportunity of enforcing attention to their benevolent wishes in this respect, and of providing a remedy for cases in which masters are refractory, persons, provided by the Society with the necessary machines, are established in two distinct quarters of the town.* They cleanse chimneys by mechanical means only at the prices usually charged in the trade, and with superior cleanliness and effect.

The Society, however, while they appeal to the humanity of the public, urging them to concur in

* These establishments are at 13, Newton Street, High Holborn, Mr. Robert Day, and 2, Moor Lane, Fore Street, Cripplegate, Mr. Joseph Glass, the Inventor of the machine.

putting an end to a practise so barbarous, do not propose to depend entirely on the effect of voluntary co-operation. 'Impressed,' they say, 'with the full conviction that, owing to the poverty, ignorance, indolence, and hardened habits, of most of the master chimney-sweepers, the indifference of many householders, and the prejudices of servants, the evil will never be wholly remedied, but by the aid of parliament, they have prepared a bill for the better regulation of chimney-sweepers, and their apprentices, the principal provisions of which are to prohibit climbing for the purpose of extinguishing fires in chimneys by any person under 21 years of age, after twelve months from the passing of the act; and to fix the lowest age at which it shall be lawful to bind a child apprentice to a chimney-sweep at fourteen years. The bill will be submitted to Parliament next session: the application was intended to have been made during that which has just closed, but was postponed in consequence of the devotion of so much of the time of the two Houses to the Catholic question. A revision of the Building Act, with the introduction of clauses providing for the future construction of flues in such a manner as to admit of their being readily swept by machinery, is also in contemplation.'

The most cordial wishes for success, of every heart alive to the especial claims for protection of orphanage, infancy, and helplessness, not dead in short to the commonest feelings of humanity, must attend the labours of this truly Christian society.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION IN FRANCE*.

THE system of elementary education was not introduced into France until after the general peace, when a few friends to the country, aware of the advantages to be derived from its adoption, occupied themselves in endeavouring to establish it. A society for the purpose was formed, in 1815, and at the beginning met with all the encouragement from the public which could have been expected. The favour, however, in which it was held, did not proceed increasing in a degree adequate to the merit of the system; and, during the greater part of the time which has elapsed since the foundation of the institution, the support afforded it has remained stationary, or even declined, as will be perceived from the following statement recently published by order of the society, whose excellent objects, however, it is satisfactory to perceive, seem at length to be more justly appreciated, as within the last two years it has received a vast increase in its number of subscribers and funds:

Years.	Subscribers.	Subscribers lost.	Receipts.
1815 hf.-year	317	—	9,940fr.
1816	641	70	26,995 75c.
1817	593	165	18,079 75
1818	674	64	20,899
1819	402	399	20,156 60
1820	462	—	16,572 02
1821	456	50	16,485 85
1822	427	55	27,427
1823	403	42	46,800 22
1824	398	32	18,157 30
1825	423	—	21,036 75
1826	394	47	43,974 70
1827	600	—	—
1828	1408	—	—

The falling off in 1819 is attributed to causes connected with politics, and to the retirement from the administration of public affairs of General Des-solles, a great promoter of the objects of the society, and who afterwards became its president. He died in the course of that year. The funds, it will be remarked, have not diminished in proportion to the defalcation of subscribers; owing to the zeal of a certain number of the members who have remained constantly faithful to the cause. In 1823, the funds of the society received an augmentation of 10,000 crowns by the donation of a single individual. The juries at the assizes, convinced of the advantages derived to the country from the

* From the Report of the Secretary to the society.

society, are in the habit of making a subscription in its aid. The Bank of France gives annually 2000fr., and the minister of the interior 1000. The year 1829 promises, with certainty, a still further and considerable increase of subscribers and funds. Twenty-eight societies, of a similar description, in different parts of France, correspond with that of Paris. Among other places, Lyons has a society established, with subscriptions to the amount of 150,000frs., to be paid within five years. This association offers to the masters desirous of establishing primary schools, to allow them the necessary funds for setting up schools for mutual instruction, on condition of their receiving five pupils gratuitously for every 100frs. advanced. This measure is represented to have been attended with beneficial consequences. At Marseilles, an old society for the promotion of Christian morality, has been converted into an education society. At Nancy, a Jewish school on the same plan is in existence, and corresponds with the society at Paris. At Rouen, the ancient school is continued, and a new one has been opened: a school for the instruction of adults has also been instituted. The three schools at Paris, under the direction, and maintained at the expense of the society, continue flourishing. That to which the appellation of Gauthier has been given after the Abbé of that name, who has so powerfully contributed to the progress of this system of education, is frequented by 237 children. Of the two schools for girls, that at the Halle aux Draps counts 410 children; that of the Clos de St. Jean de Lateran, 277. To the former of these, the name of Larochehoucauld-Liancourt, so dear to France, is attached: to the other, that of Basset, after an estimable member of the society, lately deceased. The schools of Paris, including the three just mentioned, amount to thirty. According to the last year's statement, twenty-five of these furnished education to a total of 3,760 children. On the 1st of May, the whole number of pupils, children, and adults, in the thirty schools, was 4,177: of these, the adults amounted to 491, admitted to eight evening schools. By the exertions of the Count de Chabrol towards the formation of new schools, or the enlargement of old ones, an increase is about to take place of 2,200 pupils. The Normal elementary school, founded by the Prefect of the Seine, is attended by 95 tutors, youths designed for master-ships, of the age of sixteen and seventeen years. An establishment, under the title *Maison Complète*, was opened in 1828, in the 12th Arrondissement, by M. Cochon. It consists of a hall for infants, and schools for boys, for girls, and for adults of the respective sexes. A Monthly Bulletin has been substituted for the 'Journal d'Education,' formerly published by the society. The society expresses its acknowledgment to the British and Foreign Bible Society, for placing at its disposal, New Testaments for the purpose of being read in the schools.

VARIETIES.

MOGUL IDOL.—In the Museum of Natural History and Antiquities of Moscow, is a statue of the Mogul Idol Yamântaga, held by the Moguls of the religion of Lama or Bouddha to be the god of destruction. This image was formerly a part of the rich cabinet of antiquities presented to the University of Moscow, by the late M. Demidoff. The greater part of the contents of that cabinet fell a prey to the flames in 1812. The statue consists of the figure of a man with sixteen feet and thirty-four hands. It has the head of an ox, surrounded by six other heads, somewhat of human form, but vying with each other in grotesqueness of character. Above these seven heads is placed an eighth, equally monstrous, which, in its turn, is surmounted by a ninth, but this is of great beauty. All these heads are surrounded by the representations of flames, and the necks have collars composed of figures of human skulls. The statue embraces a woman, and holds in its hand the symbols of destruction and regeneration; the feet rest on similar symbols. The statue is about

five inches in height, and is of excellent workmanship. Two professors of Moscow, M. Fischer and M. Schmidt have published a work descriptive of this idol, with plates representing a front view and a profile of the figure. In this work it is maintained that Yamântaga is composed of two Sanscrit words, *yama*, (hell, gulph, abyss), a word which also exists in the Russian language, and signifies a ditch, a hole; and *antaka* (destruction): that the Idol comes from India, and is no other than the Siva of the Indians. The religion of the Bouddhists is not considered by the authors as a schism in the worship of Brama, but on the contrary, they hold that the former was of separate and earlier origin than the latter. It is contended that modern Bouddhism differs from the ancient, which has been modified by other religions. We shall probably obtain no certain knowledge of Bouddhism until the long-expected appearance of the history promised by M. Abel Remusat.

INSECTS IN AMBER AND COPAL.—In the Transactions of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Stockholm, for 1825, is a Treatise on the Insects in Copal, with descriptions of several new genera and species found in that substance. The contents of these articles are represented as calculated to throw light on the phenomenon of the existence of insects in amber, since those which are observed in copal, are in some cases more abundant, in others, more clearly to be seen than in amber. The following conclusions are drawn from the observations on the two substances. In copal, insects of all kinds are to be found: the butterfly is most rare, wood insects are the most abundant: a striking analogy exists between the insects found in copal and amber; in both, several genera and species, not otherwise known, are observable; from them both important conclusions may be drawn as to the geography of insects: kinds, for instance, which have hitherto been considered European exclusively, are found beyond the borders of our quarter of the Globe: in the warmer climates, not only are larger insects produced, but a greater number of smaller ones, which have been overlooked by collectors: lastly, in these substances proofs are found that the parasite insects of the Southern regions differ less from those of the same kind in the Northern countries, than the insects of these respective regions in general. The article describes four new genera of insects with their species discovered in copal, viz. *Palmon bellator clavellatus* et *capitellatus*; *Pronopus acanthomerus*, *Articerus armatus*, and *Chalimura longipes*, besides several new species belonging to genera already known.

LORENZO DA PONTE.—The writer of the poetry to the Don Juan and other operas of Mozart, Lorenzo da Ponte, a native of Cesena, which was also the birthplace of Pius VII., is still living at New York, where, after having experienced many and great vicissitudes of fortune, he enjoys in his eightieth year or thereabouts, comfortable and easy circumstances. He carries on the business of a bookseller, and has lately published his memoirs, in four volumes. Among other interesting matter, it contains a curious account of Casanova.

HYDROPHOBIA FROM BATHING FEET IN COLD WATER.—Dr. Barth, a German physician, in his work lately published, entitled 'Medical Observations,' mentions the extraordinary case of a man, forty years of age, who was attacked with all the symptoms of hydrophobia, from checking the perspiration of the feet. The patient was habitually subject to this inconvenience, in an extraordinary degree; and, on one occasion, after bathing the feet in cold water, he was attacked with tetanic spasms, and contraction of the throat. An infusion of elder flowers, which he attempted to swallow, was rejected with violence: at the same time, the outside of the throat swelled excessively, and a suffocating rattling took place. This effect was renewed whenever a liquid was approached to the mouth. Mustard poultices applied to the chest and calves of the legs, an anodyne *lavement*, and a bath of hot water, heightened by salt and cinders, provoked a profuse general perspiration, and the patient recovered.

OXFORD PRIZES.

THE Oxford University prizes for the last year have been awarded as follows:—

Latin Essay.—'Quibus potissimum rationibus gentes a Romanis debellatae ita afficerentur ut cum victoribus in unius imperii corpus coaluerint?'—To Mr. Sewell, Fellow of Exeter.

English Essay.—'The power and stability of Federative Governments.'—To Mr. Dennison, Fellow of Oriel.

Latin Verse.—'M. T. Cicero cum familiaribus suis apud Tusculum.'—Mr. Wilmot, Scholar of Baliol.

English Verse.—'Voyages of Discovery to the Polar Regions.'—Mr. Claughton, Scholar of Trinity.

BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

The New Forest, by the Author of 'Brambletye House,' 3 vols. post 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.
The Loves of the Poets, by the Authoress of 'The Diary of an Ennuyée,' 2 vols. post 8vo., with Frontispiece, 21s.
Old Court, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.
Sir Philip de Gasteney, a Minor, by Sir Roger Gresley, post 8vo., 8s. 6d.
The third and concluding volume of Memoirs of Josephine, post 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Blue Stocking Hall, a Novel, 2nd edit., 3 vols. post 8vo., 27s.
Dr. Granville's Travels to St. Petersburg, 2nd edition, improved, 2 vols. 8vo., 2l. 2s.
The German Pulpit, being a Selection of Sermons, by the Rev. R. Baker, 8vo., 10s. 6d.
The Hon. and Rev. A. P. Percival's Christian Peace Offering, 12mo., 4s.
Scott's Church History, vol. 2, part 2, 5s.
The Commandment with Promise, 18mo., 2s. 6d.
The Guilty Tongue, 4th edition, 2s. 6d.
Pinnock's Young Ladies' Library, 18mo., 7s. 6d.
Edinburgh Gazetteer, abridged, 2nd edition, 8vo., 18s.
Pratt's Friendly Society, Act 10th Geo. IV. cap. 56, 3s.
Trotter on Sea Weeds, post 8vo., 6s. 6d.
The Rev. H. I. Rose's State of Protestantism in Germany, 2nd edition, with an Appendix, 8vo., 14s.
Blunt's Jacob, 3rd edition, 12mo., 4s. 6d.
Miriam, 2nd edition, 12mo., 7s. 6d.
Tod's Annals of Rajasthan, royal 4to., 4l. 14s. 6d.
The Diversions of Euler; or, Mental Calculation, part 1, by B. Bower, 2s. 6d.
Murray's Life of John Wycliffe, 18mo., 2s. 6d.
Diary of Occurrences on a Journey through a part of Belgium, Holland, and up the Rhine to Mayence, and thence to Paris, in August and September 1828, 8vo.
Glimmerings of Light from the Word of God, by Thos. Goyer, 8vo.
An Account of Persons remarkable for their Health and Longevity, exhibiting their Habits, Practices, &c.; with Authentic Cases, Maxims of Health, &c., by a Physician, 8s. 6d.
The Theory and Practice of Brewing from Malted and Unmalted Corn, and from Potatoes, by John Ham, with Plates, 4s.
The Avalanche; or, The Old Man of the Alps, a Tale.
Roberts's Catechism of Elocution.
Lambert's Observations on the Rural Affairs of Ireland, 12mo., 6s. 6d.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 8 P.M.	July.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Clouds.
Mon. 29	56	57	29.37	N. to W.	Rain.	Cirrostratus
Tues. 30	62	62	29.41	S.W.	Showers.	Cum.-Cirr.
Wed. 31	59	60	29.35	S.	Rain.	Cirrostratus
Thur. 1	59	56	29.23	S.W. to W.	Fair, Cl.	Cumulus.
Frid. 2	57	58	29.30	S. high.	Showers.	Ditto.
Sat. 3	55	58	29.20	S.W. to W.	Rain.	Cum.-Cirr.
Sun. 4	53	56	29.26	S.W.	Ditto.	Cum.-Nim.

Nights and mornings rainy.

Mean temperature of the week, 63°.

Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.25.

Highest temperature at noon, 69°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Sun in Perigee on Thursday.

Mercury in Perihelion on Friday.

Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 25° 33' in Cancer.

Jupiter's ditto ditto ditto 6° 34' in Sagitt.

Sun's ditto ditto ditto 13° 6' in Cancer

Length of day on Sunday, 16 h. 24 m. Decreased 10 m.

No real night.

Sun's horary motion on Sunday, 2' 23" Logarithmic nam.

of distance, .007249.

On Saturday next will be published, illustrated by Eleven Engravings on Steel and Wood, small 8vo. 5s.

N^O. IV. OF THE FAMILY LIBRARY, being Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. By **ALLAN CUNNINGHAM**. Vol. I. (to be completed in 3 vols.)

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